

The Daily Mirror

LATEST CERTIFIED CIRCULATION MORE THAN 800,000 COPIES PER DAY.

No. 3,207.

Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.

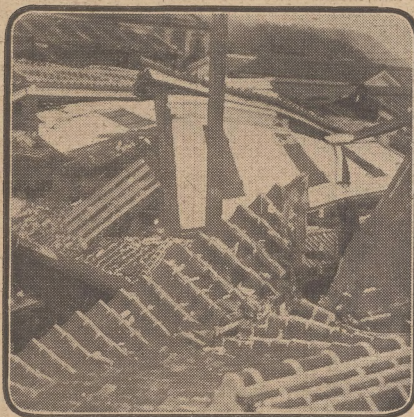
TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1914

One Halfpenny.

FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE SAKURASHIMA VOLCANO DISASTER IN JAPAN.



Sakurashima refugees at Kagoshima awaiting relatives.



What the earthquake did to a street in Kagoshima.



Refugees read bulletins at the Government offices.



The stupendous eruption of Mount Sakurashima seen from Kagoshima. Smoke and cinders formed a pall for days.



Homeless victims in Kagoshima carrying bundles of household treasures saved from the disaster.

The first pictures to reach England of the terrible volcano disaster in Japan on January 14 last. A terrific eruption of Mount Sakurashima, on the island of that name, in the south of Japan, followed by earthquake, destroyed over 1,500 houses, while the city of

Kagoshima, on the mainland opposite, also suffered severely from earthquake and volcanic ashes. Fortunately the death roll was not so great as was feared, amounting to about 200, but pitiful distress followed the disaster, thousands being homeless.

Furniture worth having.

You cannot mistake the value

Glance at Smart's Furniture and it immediately arrests your attention. There is true artistic merit in the designs. Closer examination reveals its genuine superiority. You discover just that difference which represents master craftsmanship. You realise the quality of the materials used. You are convinced that Smart's Furniture *is worth having*. Then, naturally, you look at the price. What a surprise! *You simply cannot mistake the value*. That is why you find everything at Smart's marked in plain figures.

Send for our free catalogue—a huge volume of accurately illustrated and priced bargains in Dining, Drawing and Bedroom Furniture.

Smart's deliver everything Free, by road or rail, anywhere in the United Kingdom. Country customers' fares paid.

OUR CREDIT SYSTEM IS OPEN TO ALL.			
NO REFERENCES REQUIRED.	NO SECURITY.	NO OBJECTIONABLE FEATURES.	
Usual Terms,	£5 worth ... 4/- monthly.	£50 worth ... 28/- monthly.	
which may be altered	£10 " ... 6/- "	£75 " ... 37/- "	
to suit you.	£20 " ... 11/- "	£100 " ... 45/- "	
	£30 " ... 17/- "	£250 " ... 90/- "	

SMART BROS., LTD.,

COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS—CASH OR CREDIT.

HEAD OFFICES: LONDON ROAD, ELEPHANT & CASTLE, S.E.

BRANCHES:

STRATFORD, E.: 193-8, The Grove.
CROYDON: 30, 32, & 34, George Street,
and 101, High Street.

HACKNEY, N.E.: 321, Mare Street.
WOOLWICH, S.E.: 73, Powis Street.

WIMBLEDON, S.W.: 8, Merton Road,
Broadway.

HOLLOWAY, N.: 49-51, Seven Sisters Rd.
CHISWICK, W.: 58, High Road.

WILLESDEN GREEN, N.W.: 108, High Rd.

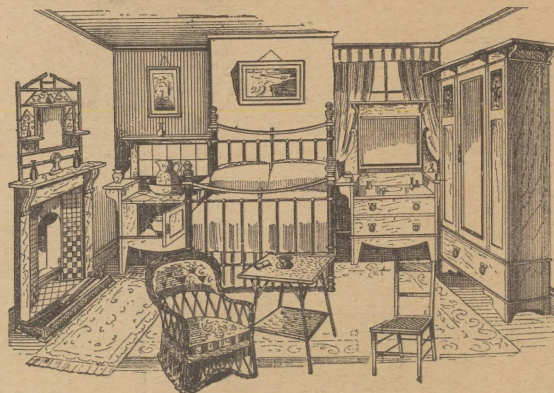
WALWORTH, S.E.: 113, Walworth Road.
NORTHAMPTON: 27, Abington Street.

LEICESTER: 18, High Street.
" 13, Silver Street.

SOUTHEND-ON-SEA: 195-7, Broadway,
High Street.

DERBY: 11, London Road.
BIRMINGHAM: 60-61, Broad Street, and
13, High Street, Bull Ring.

BRISTOL: 43, Castle St. and Tower Hill.



This Bedroom consists of a SOLID OAK BEDROOM SUITE of very artistic design, comprising large Wardrobe with bevelled plate-glass door, Dressing Table with sunk centre and large swing mirror, marble top and tiled back Washstand, full-size sweep rail Bedstead with wire-spring mattress, overlay, bolster and two pillows; Art Carpet square and Rug to match, pretty Overmantel, Occasional Table, comfortable Easy Chair, Room complete **£10 17 0**

LAST WEEK OF SALE

Send P.O. at once. Don't delay.
Money returned if not delighted.

TWO for **4/6** This Beautiful Feather **2/6**



16 inches long.
In Black, White, and all colours POST FREE. Foreign and Colonial postage 1/- extra. Goods sent on approval on receipt of remittance or London trade reference. Renovations a Speciality.
Other Ostrich Feathers from 2/- to 25/-.
New Illustrated and one (1/-) post free on request.
Call at our Showrooms, To-day. Amazing reductions in Ostrich and Ostrich Feathers.
Telephone: Regent 1659.

THE CAPE OSTRICH FEATHER CO., LTD.
(Importers and Manufacturers),
131, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.
Showrooms on 1st Floor. Entrance in Hidden Street.

Scott's Porridge Oats

are all nutriment. No husk, no fibre. No soaking.
Nothing but the kernel of the finest Scotch Oats.

Cooks in 5 minutes. Requires no Special Cooker. Serve them to-morrow.



Scott's Porridge Oats—The Ideal First Meal.

Made only by A. & R. SCOTT, LTD., at Colinton, in the Heart of Midlothian.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA

is the best remedy for
ACIDITY of the STOMACH,
HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT
and INDIGESTION.

Safest and most effective Aperient for Regular Use.



Every mail brings a host of eager applications for the
BIG FREE BOOK

that points the way to huge savings by buying at next to Factory Prices direct from the largest firm of its kind in the Empire. A postcard brings you the Free Book by return, crowded with over 3,000 Bargains in Jewellery, Watches, Plate, Cutlery, etc.

WRITE NOW!

5/6 GOLD GEM RING mounted with 2 Diamonds and 3 lustrous Gems. (Usually 9/6.)

25/- WITH FREE GIFT

FREE PRIZES for all buyers—see the splendid lists in the FREE BOOK.

WRITE NOW! H. SAMUEL 83, Market St. Manchester.

H. SAMUEL'S "ACME" Silver Lover 25/-

Keyless same price. Seven years' warranty. Lifetime service. Silver Albert.

FREE

Mr. H. E. Allen, Donbury, writes: "The 'Acme' had from 200 to 300 years ago has been a most faithful servant."

Tomato Soup—delicious—nourishing—expensive though—and a trouble to make—can't have it often. E.D.S. Tomato—fresh, ripe fruit—sold in packets—one penny—all the flavour—none of the fuss—so cheap—have it every day.

As a change try the White Vegetable Soup or the good Brown Gravy Soup. In penny packets. Edwards' desiccated Soups.

LABOUR PARTY AND EXILED TEN.

Law Action To Be Taken
Against Umgeni's Owners.

VAIN RESCUE PLAN.

Motion to Allow Deportees to
Return Ruled Out.

The ten deported strike leaders now on their way from South Africa to England already have friends in this country working energetically on their behalf.

The British Labour Party threaten to take action in the Courts against the owners and captain of the Umgeni for "illegal detention." Furthermore, they are going to raise the question of the deportations when Parliament meets next week.

In regard to the tug which tried to intercept the Umgeni, the *Capetown Times* states, according to the Exchange Telegraphic Company's message, that the intention of Mr. Creswell, the Labour leader, it is understood, was to induce the deportees to slip overboard and trust to being rescued by those on the tug.

"ILLEGAL DETENTION"?

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, chairman of the Labour Party, in an interview yesterday gave the information that there would be an official Labour amendment to the Address when Parliament meets and that there would be an action in the courts against the owners and captain of the Umgeni for "illegal detention."

None of the points put forward by Professor J. H. Morgan, of University College, in *The Times* yesterday in regard to the constitutional and legal aspects of the question had been overlooked, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald said. The Labour Party executive and counsel had had such points before them for the last three or four days. "There can, I think, be no doubt," says Professor Morgan in *The Times*, "that whatever else an Indemnity Act of the Union Parliament can do, it cannot protect the captain of the Umgeni against either civil or criminal proceedings in an English court for any constraint he may have exercised over the deported men outside the territorial waters of the South African dominion."

The owners of the Umgeni, Messrs. Bullard, King and Co., however, pointed out yesterday that they had no knowledge what had been done until they learned it from the cablegrams published in the newspapers.

TUG THAT WAS TOO LATE.

CAPETOWN, Feb. 2.—In an interview with Reuter's correspondent, Mr. Creswell stated that he and Mr. Lucas, the advocate of the deported leaders, hired a tug on Friday night and endeavoured to intercept the s.s. Umgeni while she was passing to the west of Capetown.

The tug was late, however, and missed the deported men. Had she reached the Umgeni the intention was to relieve the captain from the position of being a kidnapper.

The captain of the Umgeni was no longer under martial law, said Mr. Creswell, and if he had attempted to detain the Labour leaders he would have had to use force to keep them and taken the consequences when the vessel reached England.

The quest was unsuccessful, Reuter.

Another Capetown message says that if the tug had left the docks an hour earlier she would have been in time to intercept the Umgeni, whose lights were seen in the distance northwards.

When Mr. Creswell saw the lights of the Umgeni he passionately urged the captain of the tug to give the order "full steam ahead," and overtake the Umgeni. But the tug's speed was barely ten knots, while the Umgeni was travelling at twelve.

SCENES IN THE ASSEMBLY.

CAPETOWN, Feb. 2.—The galleries of the Union House of Assembly were thronged, and there was great excitement in anticipation of the motion of General Smuts, Minister of Defence and Finance, for leave to introduce an Indemnity Bill.

This provides for the withdrawal of martial law, indemnifying the Government and its officers and servants for all acts done in connection with the oppression of internal disorder, and declares that no persons who have been removed from the Union shall be liable on their return to be removed or prohibited immigrants.

The Labour Party gave notice of a series of questions and motions regarding the situation.

The Speaker discharged General Hertzog's motion for the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the causes of the proclamation of martial law and its administration.

Mr. Andrews, Labour member, moved the adjournment of the House for the purpose of calling upon the Government to intercept the Umgeni and give the deportees an opportunity of returning to their homes.

The Speaker ruled the motion out.

General Smuts thereupon formally moved for permission to bring in the Indemnity Bill.

Sir Thomas Smartt expressed surprise at General Smuts not having taken this opportunity of giving the House the Government's reasons for proclaiming martial law, and for the acts committed under martial law. He did not desire to oppose General Smuts's motion.

General Smuts (says an Exchange message) intimated that a full statement giving the reasons for the Government's action will be made when the second reading is taken to-morrow.

The first reading of the Bill was passed.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Fresh southerly and southeasterly winds; fine in the south and east; cloudy in the west and north; colder.

Lighting-up time, 5.00 p.m. High-water at London Bridge, 6.52.

LONDON OBSERVATIONS, Holborn Circus, City, 6 p.m.: Barometer, 30.13; air temperature, 46deg.; wind, S. fresh breeze; weather, fine, dry and cooler.

Sea passages will be moderate in the south and east, rough in the west.

HEIR TO £40,000—IF HE WORKS.



Richard Loane Rosoman, now living at Guernsey, who inherits £40,000 from an uncle "provided he is employed in useful work of some kind." Otherwise the money goes to his sisters, who are seen with him in the photograph.

DANCE WHICH THE POPE RECOMMENDED.



Two movements from the furlana which the Pope likes. After watching a couple dance the tango he removed the ban which he had placed upon it, but suggested that the furlana, an Old Venetian dance, which he often saw in the days of his youth, should be revived. "It is so elegant," he said.

OFF TO ACT BEFORE THEIR MAJESTIES.



A "command" performance of "Diplomacy" was given last night in the Waterloo Gallery at Windsor Castle, which was fitted up as a theatre. The picture shows the principals entraining at Paddington Station. They are Mr. Gerald du Maurier, Lady Tree (seated in the carriage), Miss Marie Doro (wearing white fur), and behind her Miss Ellis Jeffreys.—(*Daily Mirror* photograph.)

PUPILS RIOT IN SCHOOL STRIKE.

New Mistress Mobbed and Hooted
—Ink Spilling Protest.

70 SCHOOLS CLOSED.

Five thousand little boys and girls are enjoying extra holidays throughout Herefordshire to-day as the result of the strike of teachers employed by the County Education Committee.

The teachers are demanding a scale of salaries which they would regard as comparable with that paid in other education areas in the country. This the County Committee has declined to give.

A tour of the county yesterday showed that seventy schools were closed. In several instances clerical men, aided by monitors, were teaching, and in one case a child of thirteen was teaching Scripture.

The National Union of Teachers, which has a membership of 85,000 and a big fighting fund, is supporting the teachers on strike, and is prepared, if necessary, to pay them full salary for five years.

The strike commenced officially yesterday morning, and some curious scenes resulted.

At Ledbury the teachers are standing solid for a strike. At one boys' school, where there are usually 200 pupils, the children were taken care of by the headmaster, Mr. Paul, and his daughter, all the other teachers having resigned.

Representatives of the National Union of Teachers called on Mr. Paul and endeavoured to persuade him to join the strikers, but without avail.

All the teachers at the girls' and infants' school had also resigned, and when over 300 children were told that there would be no school some of the infants actually burst out crying.

The headmistress of one of the schools at Ledbury has been replaced, and the new mistress had a very untriumphant welcome from her pupils.

TEACHERS' PICKETS BUSY.

Before the end of the morning lessons there was almost a riot. The children spilt ink on the floor, played the piano and wrote up on the walls: "We are going to have our teachers back."

When the new mistress left the school she was hooted and called a bludge. In the afternoon a pupils' strike was declared, and the strikers made work impossible for the few who attended school.

At Leominster, where the national school is deserted and locked up, the streets became a playground.

The boys had bows and arrows and tops and whips; the girls, on stones charted like an astronomer's map, played "hopscotch."

The full total of head teachers and assistants who have sent in their resignations is 230; eighteen resignations have been withdrawn.

The teachers are most determined in their attitude. As soon as it was light yesterday a specially chartered fleet of motor cars with representatives of the union on board set off on a picketing tour through the county.

Energetic efforts are being made by the Education Committee to secure teachers to fill the vacancies, but it is frankly admitted that all those who have resigned cannot be replaced.

(Photographs on page 9.)

LONDON WITHOUT LIGHT?

Will London be without its supply of electric light shortly? The outlook is grave, for a serious dispute has arisen between the London Electrical Masters' Association and the men.

The association are holding an emergency meeting to-morrow, and if they refuse the men's demands—which include an all-round advance of 10s. an hour and no grading system—a rapid development of the dispute is likely to take place.

Many firms, it is stated, have already conceded the advance asked for by the Electrical Trades Union.

Meanwhile the building dispute is gradually extending. The strikers' latest recruits are the french polishers, who have decided to adopt the recommendation of the executive committee of the London Building Trades Federation.

PICTURES BY WIRE.

Photographs May Be Flashed Across
Atlantic by Perfected Korn Process.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

BERLIN, Feb. 2.—Pictures this year may be transmitted by wire across the Atlantic, according to Professor Glaziel, who announced to-night that Professor Korn has perfected his "selenium" method of telegraphing pictures to a point which makes this highly probable.

It is expected that experimental stations for practical attempts will shortly be erected.

Professor Korn estimates that it will take more than an hour to flash photographs across the Atlantic.

It was by means of Professor Korn's wonderful apparatus that the first photograph ever transmitted by wire was telegraphed to England. The portrait was one of the late King Edward, and was sent from Paris in November, 1907, to *The Daily Mirror* Office and reproduced in this journal.

Many half-tone photographs were sent over the telegraph wires from Manchester to *The Daily Mirror* Office, and by means of the telegraph, a development of the Korn phototelegraphic process, a photograph of the finish of the Grand National Steeplechase at Aintree was telegraphed in six minutes from our office in Manchester to the London office.

CROWD AT SACK MURDER TRIAL.

Wild Rush to See "Summer"
Checked by Police.

JUROR'S CONSCIENCE.

Released Because He Objects to
Capital Punishment.

A huge crowd of over 2,000 people tried to gain admission to the trial, which began before Mr. Justice Atkin at Liverpool yesterday, of the two young men who are charged with the murder of Miss Catherine Bradfield, whose body was found in a canal tied up in a sack.

Wild scenes occurred as the struggling crowd tried to enter the St. George's Hall, where the trial was opened, and only a strong force of police prevented the excited people rushing the doors.

The prisoners are—
George Ball (alias "Summer"), aged twenty-two, teacher.

Samuel Angles Elliott, aged eighteen, shop assistant.

Miss Bradfield, who was forty years of age, was manageress of her brother's shop, where the two accused men were employed. She was last seen alive on December 10, 1913.

Before the jury were sworn one of their number, who gave the name of James, declared he had a conscientious objection to capital punishment, and asked to be excused on that account. "That seems to be a proper excuse if you really entertain such a feeling," the Judge remarked. "I do," replied the juror, and the Judge thereupon ordered another jurymen to be sworn.

After the graphic story of the crime had been related by counsel for the prosecution and several witnesses, including the murdered woman's brother, had given evidence, the further hearing was adjourned till to-day.

(Photograph on page 3.)

DRAMA IN THE MOONLIGHT.

Mr. Hewitt, K.C., in opening the case, said that on the evening of Wednesday, December 10—a bright, moonlight night—a ship's steward, named Eves, was walking slowly up and down Oldhall-street, Liverpool, waiting for his sweetheart.

As he passed the shop of Mr. Bradfield, a tarpaulin manufacturer, a shutter fell out and damaged his hat. Immediately afterwards a young man came out and picked the shutter up.

Another man, slightly older, next came out of the shop and compensated Eves for the damage to his hat. The two men then returned into the shop. Eves remained waiting in the street, and saw the two young men bring a handcart out of the shop.

Half an hour later a labourer named Black saw two young men with a handcart near the canal.

Reverting to Bradfield's shop, counsel said that about 7.30 Miss Bradfield was left alone in the shop with the two prisoners. She did not return home that night, and was never again seen alive.

Both Elliott and Ball arrived home late, Ball having a scratch on his face.

Counsel then described the finding of Miss Bradfield's body tied up in a sack in the canal.

On December 11 Ball disappeared. The police visited Elliott, who said that Ball brought a sack of rubbish out of the shop, and that they then took it to the canal and threw it in.

At Ball's lodgings the police found certain prints. Of these counsel would only say that they exhibited bodies drawn up in the peculiar manner in which the body in the sack had been drawn up.

It would be a matter for the jury's consideration as to whether the peculiar position of the body in the sack had been suggested to the mind of Ball by these photographs.

Counsel next detailed the arrest of Ball, who made a statement alleging that an unknown third man committed the murder.

With regard to Elliott, counsel pointed out that there was a second count in the indictment charging him with having assisted Ball, knowing that Ball had committed the murder, and the jury might feel that the evidence had to be considered particularly with respect to that count.

TRAPDOOR IN SHOP.

The first witness called was an architect, who produced plans of the shop in which the murder was committed.

In reply to Mr. Tobin (for Ball) the witness said there was a trapdoor at the foot of a staircase in the shop.

It led to a cellar, and there was a ladder by means of which a full-grown man might pass from cellar to the shop. There was no access to the cellar from the outside of the premises.

Miss Bradfield's brother next repeated the evidence he has already given at the inquest and at the police-court.

Mr. Tobin: Your sister was a woman who would not have tolerated any familiarity?—She was.

She was a firm woman, with a strong mind, who properly asserted her authority over those under her?—Yes; she was a strong woman.

Have you heard that a day or two after the murder a tall man, with a dark moustache, offered a red-stone scarf-pin worn by your sister to an antique dealer in Oldhall-street?—No.

Witness, after a few moments' reflection, added that he believed he had seen such a pin.

Mr. Tobin: Your sister, on December 10, had a red-stone scarf-pin, and it has never been found since?—I cannot say.

Replying to further questions, witness said a man could have crouched in a space near the shop.

Henry William Okill, the manager of the Bradfield Works, Great Howard-street, said Miss Bradfield was in the habit of taking money home at night in a cash bag in her satchel.

RUSH TO "PARSIFAL."

People Leave Their Carriages and Run
Along the Street to Opera House.

Never in the history of the Royal Opera House has there been such intense public interest in an operatic production as was demonstrated in "Parsifal" yesterday.

Among those present at the performance was Queen Alexandra.

The rush to see the opera was unprecedented, for much had been heard of the magic way in which the great scenes in the opera touched the emotions of those who saw the rehearsal on Saturday.

"Parsifal" is Wagner's great religious drama, and in it Parsifal, a forest lad, rescues King Amfortas, chief of the band of knights who guard the wonder-working relic, the Holy Grail, and the Sacred Spear of Golgotha. Amfortas had lost the brotherhood of the Spear through a moment's delinquency, and has to suffer mortal pains until his redemptive scenes united from the woman's wiles before which he himself fell.

The queue waiting for gallery seats took up its position before dawn. The time-table of its growth was as follows:—

2.30 a.m. 2	1.0 p.m. 300
3.0 a.m. 50	3.30 p.m. 1,500

Though there were only gallery seats left, many of the waiting enthusiasts were in evening dress, and their woe-worn in lovely gowns and wearing flashing jewels.

The last few minutes before the stroke of five, when hundreds of men in evening dress and exquisitely dressed women rushed through the doors for fear they would be late, were like an incident in a sort of magic Cinderella ball which doomed its guests to perdition if they did not arrive in time.

At a quarter to five the fun began in Long Acre. Beautiful women were leaning out of the windows of their cars urging the chauffeurs to hurry up.

"Please do something at once," said one woman. "Kiss me, or you ruin your hair," said another. "Slowly the minutes ticked on. In desperation dozens of people, some of them wearing ropes of pearls and flashing diamond tiaras, jumped out of their carriages and motor-cars and began running to Covent Garden.

Opera dinners were a notable feature at many West End hotels last night.

Inquiries made *The Daily Mirror* show that the most favoured hotel was the Savoy, where 150 tables—a larger number than at any other hotel—had been booked up in advance.

At the Ritz Hotel there were thirty specially reserved tables, at the Piccadilly Hotel forty, at the Carlton twenty-seven, and at the Cecil fifteen.

TWO NEWS PORTRAITS.



Admiral Germinat, the Bureaucrat of France who died at Nice yesterday, was chief of the Staff of the French navy and was a former Commander of the Mediterranean Fleet.



Lord Annull, who was thrown from his horse yesterday and injured in the face, he was out with the Pritchley Hounds, his coat catching in a branch as he was jumping a hedge.

ARMY OFFICER CHARGED.

On a charge of obtaining a gold cigarette-case, valued at £10 10s., from the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria-street, Gerald Atkinson, a lieutenant in the Somersetshire Light Infantry, was remanded on bail yesterday at Westminster Police Court.

An assistant at the stores said he recognised accused as a man who came to the stores on January 29 and asked to be shown some gold cigarette-cases.

As he had not sufficient cash with him, he asked that the case he selected might be sent to 104, Warwick-street, South Belgravia. The name of Bates was given, and the case was sent the same day and a cheque received later.

A packer at the stores said that on January 29 he took a gold cigarette-case to 104, Warwick-street. He was taken upstairs by the landlady, and there saw the accused, who gave him a cheque.

Mr. Conway: I challenge this evidence entirely. The landlady of the house and her sister will both say that Mr. Atkinson was not there, and the evidence will be incontrovertible that from January 2 to 31 he was never nearer London than Swindon.

ENGLAND WINS

BOXING MATCH.

Kid Lewis Beats Paul Til for
Feather-Weight Championship.

LOSER DISQUALIFIED.

(By Our Boxing Expert)

By decisively defeating Paul Til, of France, in a boxing match for the feather-weight championship of Europe, Kid Lewis at Premierland last night made some amends for the recent disasters to British boxers at the hands of French exponents of boxing.

As a spectacle, the bout was not a great one, because Til was always holding, and Lewis, when it came to a clinch, was, in my eyes, almost as much to blame by lying on his man and refusing to step back.

Mr. Keen, the referee, entered the ring during the seventh round and continually parted the boxers when they came to a clinch.

In doing this he probably saved Til some considerable punishment because in the clinches Lewis pummelled his man severely with terrific uppercuts and hard blows to the body, whereas Til never really got the measure of his light-footed, fast-hitting opponent.

Mr. Keen had frequently cautioned Til for holding before he went into the ring in the seventh round, but, having gone there and parted the men at every clinch, sometimes even when they were not holding, I think he might have gone to the finish without a disqualification.

TIL IN HOPELESS CASE.

On the other hand, he would have been perfectly justified in stopping the fight, for Til was in a hopeless case.

Lewis won every one of the twelve rounds by a good margin. He was always first with the lead, and, although perhaps in the first two rounds he was a bit over-cautious and possibly a trifle nervous—or was he playing for the pictures—he never looked back after he had once taken the Frenchman's measure.

One thing can be said for Til, he took tremendous punishment in the greatest possible manner, and although Lewis was hitting as hard as a good many middle-weights, he was never knocked off his feet.

To describe the rounds in detail would serve no good purpose. The pictures on page sixteen give a very good idea of what happened. Lewis would spar for an opening, dash in and land with the left, and either skip Til's counter and land left and right in quick succession or the pair would go into a clinch.

LEWIS UNMARKED.

In these Lewis seemed to have no difficulty in warding off Til's blows at the body, and at the same time uprooting his man fiercely. Only once in the twelve clinches did I see Til get a really effective uppercut on Lewis's chin. On another occasion in the second round Til got a good counter to Lewis's jaw.

Of course, he hit him on other occasions, but the Englishman came out of the bout without a mark, and the Frenchman's face bore eloquent testimony to his opponent's skill.

It was a triumph for the old style of clean English boxing, as compared with the newer American game of glove fighting, and with it all Lewis showed that he could more than hold his own at the fighting game as well as being incomparably the better boxer.

The match was for a purse of £600, and at two o'clock Lewis weighed 81 13½ lb. in his singlet and Til 81 13½ lb. stripped, so that, although Lewis had height and reach in his favour, there was nothing in it in the matter of weight.

P. J. MOSS.

BRIDE'S 176 DANCES AT WEDDING

NEW YORK, Feb. 2.—Gargantuan feats of eating and drinking were performed at the first feast following a Polish wedding in Newton, New Jersey.

The festivities lasted forty-eight hours, during which the wedding guests ate a ton of oysters, seven calves, twelve dozen chickens and a small mountain of sandwiches.

Ten barrels of beer, 2,000 bottles of beer and thirty-two gallons of whisky sustained the guests during the prolonged fête.

Following an ancient Polish custom the bride danced with every man who gave her a shilling. She danced 176 times, this earning £8 16s., which will be devoted to housekeeping.

£200,000 FOR A COLLEGE.

Lord Strathcona's Bequest to Institution
for Women—£500,000 for Heirs.

In the will of the late Lord Strathcona are generous bequests to charitable and educational institutions amounting to nearly half a million. The most notable bequest is one of £200,000 to the Royal Victoria College for Women in Montreal.

His Scottish estates and £500,000 are settled on heirs succeeding to the title.

Subject to certain legacies he leaves the residue of his property to his daughter, now Lady Strathcona.

Among bequests, other than those of a personal nature, are:—

To St. John's College, Cambridge, £10,000.
To the Royal Victoria College, Montreal, under deduction of payments made during his lifetime and in addition to the college buildings and sites provided by him at a cost of about £50,000, £200,000.
To the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, £100,000.
To Yale University, Connecticut, U.S.A., £100,000.
To the University of Aberdeen, Chair of Agriculture, £5,000.
To Leitchell Cottage Hospital, Perth, £10,000.
To the Queen Alexandra Extension Home and Hospital for Incurables, Streatham, £20,000.
To the Church of Scotland, Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund, £10,000.
To the Queen's University, Kingston, Canada, Extension Fund, £20,000.
To the principal Church of Canada Presbyterian College, Montreal, £12,000.

EX-MAYOR IN DOCK.

Charges of misappropriating three sums of money, the property of Maidenhead Cottage Hospital, amounting in all to nearly £150, were brought at Maidenhead yesterday against Mr. Benjamin



MR. HOBBS.

Hobbs, J.P., who has twice been mayor of the town. After a hearing which lasted all day, accused was committed for trial, bail being allowed.

The money, it was explained, had been sent to him, as treasurer of the hospital, by the Inland Revenue Office, and represented Income-tax rebate. After the discovery of irregularities in the defendant's books, said counsel, the deficiency was made good.

FLYING BEFORE THE KING.

The King and Queen, with Prince John, the Princess Royal and Princess Maud, saw Mr. Gustav Hamel loop the loop at Windsor Castle yesterday.

When Mr. Hamel arrived in his machine he said that while flying he had dropped a metal disc. A search party of Horse Guards and civilians scoured the neighbourhood, and in half an hour they found the missing metal in a meadow about half a mile away.

It was fixed to the machine and then Mr. Hamel soared aloft, looping the loop fourteen times.

The King and Queen heartily congratulated Mr. Hamel, who after lunch, gave another brilliant series of loops before leaving for Hendon.

(Photograph on page 8.)

PRINCESS MARY HUNTING.

Princess Mary and Prince Henry, the third son of the King and Queen, had an enjoyable day's hunting with the Earth Foxhounds yesterday.

Princess Mary, who rode splendidly, was always among the leaders. She and Prince Henry returned to Windsor Castle at 2.30, having been in the saddle for three and a half hours.

"DIPLOMACY" AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

Before the King and Queen and several members of the Royal Family a command performance of "Diplomacy" was given last night in the Chamber of Windsor Castle by Mr. de Maunier's company from Wyndham's Theatre.

About 200 distinguished guests were present by special invitation. After the play the performers were entertained at the Castle, and left for London shortly after midnight.

PRIM SPRING GIRLS.

"Miss Prim" might be chosen as a suitable name for the spring girl of 1914, judging by some of the fashions which have already been seen by *The Daily Mirror*.

Stiff little dresses of glacé silk of black, matronly appearance, with prim little frills similar to those worn fifty years ago, are being shown.

Some of these black glaces are embroidered with stiff little sprays of flowers of Victorian style, and some are so bunched up around the hips as to look as though the old-fashioned bustle had been revived.

Tiny little early Victorian straw hats perched on a little coiffure will finish the toilette of "Miss Prim."

WAITED ALL DAY TO SEE "PARSIFAL."



It was shortly after four o'clock yesterday morning when the Wagner enthusiasts began to assemble outside Covent Garden Opera House for the first performance of "Parsifal" in England. Nearly everyone brought camp-stools, newspapers, books and provisions.



Mr. Haddon Chambers.

Takes Life Easily.
Haddon Chambers does not overwork himself as a dramatist. He seems to have come to that stage when a playwright is content to rest on his revivals. The latest Haddon Chambers revival is "The Tyranny of Tears," and this is about his best play. I remember when Haddon Chambers used to live in Bayswater. He was raw from Australia then, and lived over a milk shop. But he was awfully sure of himself as a dramatist. At that time he was quite subjugated by the Wilde influence—but he won his own emancipation. I suppose he is still a Catholic with very Liberal tendencies.

The Street Musicians' Enemy.

"There is an intelligent dog in my terrace," said the man from Pimlico, "that deserves election as an honorary member of the Society for the Suppression of Street Music. Whenever a hand organ or a street singer appears in the terrace the dog squeals on the curb at the musician's feet and howls mournfully. Few itinerant musicians can withstand the animal's melancholy admiration for more than a few minutes before they move on."

A Briefless "Silk."

I met a very well-known barrister—he has recently taken silk—in the Temple on Saturday. He looked glum and depressed. I asked what was the matter with life. Was it influenza or the loss of a big action through the stupidity of the jury? He shook his head. "Nothing doing" was his complaint. Even the Judges are idle, he explained, as there is a shortage of over 300 cases for the Term. "I don't know what's coming over the country," he remarked, with a deep sigh; "people are not even getting divorced."

No-Colds Treatment.

In this season of colds it is worthy of note that a well-known nose and throat specialist has been holding high hopes of the success of a certain kind of cautery treatment he has been using as a means of warding off colds for a period as long as two years.

Justified His Name—Only.

A rude critic once said that Mr. Alfred Noyes as a poet justified his name, and nothing more. This was not unpoetical, but it was not quite true. Noyes has a real ballad gift, and if he had not systematically written verse for money, might have done some big stuff. Blackwoods, his publishers, worship him—he happens to be a big seller. I shall never forget going up to Blackwoods' once to interview Noyes, and one of the Blackwoods introducing the blushing versifier as "the poet." It is not often publishers talk about poets like this. Lately Noyes has been travelling the States, where they buy poetry books for furniture. He has been to see Poe's grave.



Mr. Alfred Noyes.

JUDGE RETIRES.

Stories of Mr. Justice Bucknill, Who Leaves Bench Through Ill-Health.

Mr. Justice Bucknill, acting on medical advice, has tendered his resignation to the Lord Chancellor.

Mr. Justice Bucknill discharged his duties with zeal, ability and a desire to do absolute justice to everyone concerned.

Among his colleagues he is intimately known as "Tommy," a circumstance which on one occasion led to a good deal of amusement and embarrassment in court.

A witness rejoicing in the name of Tommy was under examination, and the constant reiteration of the well-known nickname proved so disconcerting to those present that the learned counsel, hoping to settle the matter once for all, turned sharply to Justice Bucknill with the remark: "It's not you, Tommy."

The Court held its breath for five minutes pending the explosion which never came.

Some time ago in South Wales a reporter had with him his ten-year-old son with the object of initiating him early into the mysteries of his profession.

A demure little boy, he watched his parent conscientiously, and attracted the attention of Mr. Justice Bucknill, who sent a note from the bench addressed to "The little boy by the table." It read as follows:—

"I see a nice little boy watching his father, and I send him a shilling for his money-box.—T. T. Bucknill. (Photograph on page 8.)"

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

The Smiling Prince.

Prince George, whose new photograph has just been published, is known as the smiling Prince. He is always full of fun and on the very best terms with life. He enjoys every minute of the day. Left to himself, his best friend is his bicycle, on which he can perform some truly remarkable feats. Of the King's five sons, Prince George is the one who has taken most after his Guelph ancestors; he has more marked features than any of his brothers.

A Champion Scarfmaker.

He is a champion scarfmaker, and the ones which he particularly favours are of a sage green colour, as even as a billiard table surface, and brightly finished with red tassels. I remember seeing a collection of his scarves at the London Needlework Guild last year, and the question which every woman was asking, and which kept ringing out like a minute gun, was: "How did he do them so beautifully?"

Green-Haired Welshmen.

"The newspapers are making much ado about the new fashion of green hair," commented a Swansea man. "It's not at all new with us, except that in South Wales one sees men wearing green hair and not women. The men who work in the fumes of the copper smelters soon find their hair and beards assuming a greenish tinge. Not being Irish comedians, they don't like it, but they soon get used to it."

A City Quarrel.

City men are interested in a nice little quarrel which is brewing between two big insurance companies. One, and with fairly good reason, is accusing the other of enticing away all its good men in the most unwarrantable fashion. This process, it alleges, has been going on steadily for some four or five years by methods which are not in accordance with business etiquette. Some very strong letters have just passed between the two boards, and war to the knife has been declared. It will be interesting to see if the employees benefit by the result.

The Retort Pleasant.

One of the very best-known musical comedy stars came in to rehearsal one day recently wearing a new rope of pearls. She went across to the second lady and said, pointing to the pearls, "I've just been insuring these: I insure all my jewels. Don't you?" "Yes, both," replied the other pleasantly, pointing to her wedding ring and engagement ring. What harmless remarks do upset some people.

A Compliment for M. Escoffier.

M. Escoffier, the famous Carlton chef, must feel highly honoured. At one of the biggest hotels in Germany it is announced that the catering is done by an excellent French chef of the "universally-known Escoffier school."

Wagner in England.

Few of those who crowded Covent Garden last night for the first production of "Parsifal" in England remembered, probably, that Wagner, whose name is now enough to fill any theatre in the world, once came in vain to England, in the hopes of raising money for his great theatre at Bayreuth. With this end in view, the great man gave a series of concerts at the Albert Hall. Was anybody at Covent Garden last night who saw Wagner in the seventies conducting an orchestra at the half-empty and very dismal Albert Hall?

An Early Wagnerite.

If Mr. Louis Parker, author of "Joseph and His Brethren," was there, he would be one of the few survivors, for he is one of that catastrophic generation; for he is one of the few English Wagnerites who have seen Wagner and one of the few who attended the early performances at Bayreuth. Wagner made no money in England, and it was from other countries and from other people—particularly from the "mad" but eminently articulating King of Bavaria—that he raised the money for the "Festival House" where, and where only, his operas are to be heard in their perfection.

800 Miles to See 'Parsifal'

So tremendously keen were music-lovers to see the first performance of "Parsifal" that many travelled from distant parts of the provinces to do so. Yesterday I met two musical friends from Glasgow, who informed me that they had travelled all night from the northern metropolis, arriving in London yesterday morning. As soon as the opera was over they were making a flying dash to Euston to catch the night mail back to Glasgow. I hear that other musical enthusiasts came from as far away as Belfast and Dublin to hear the opera.

The City of Dreadful Noise.

Which is the world's noisiest city? "In Paris there are always the thundering crashes of motor-omnibuses, which bounce from bump to bump along the roads, the wild clanging of loose-jointed tramway-cars, the jangle of a myriad horse bells, the incessant chatter of everybody—everybody talks even if it is only to himself—and in the night sometimes there are the screams of over-driven horses." Thus says a traveller just returned from La Ville Lumière.

Peaceful Village of Charing.

"When I stepped out at Charing Cross," he said, "after a year's residence in Paris, I felt as if I had been magically transported into a town of abiding peace after having lived in a zinc tank on the sides of which millions of crazy navvies had been hitting with sledge-hammers."

Miss Nancy Cunard.

An important likely debutante of the near future, of whom nothing has yet been heard, is Miss Nancy Cunard, only child of Sir Sache and Lady Cunard. She is eighteen this year, and as a pretty girl has been much admired by guests of her parents at Nevill Holt, Sir Sache's grand old place in Leicestershire. It is named after its one-time owners, the noble Nevills, and is a most interesting house, with immensely thick walls in parts. Sir Sache Cunard is a great hunting man, and grandson of Sir Samuel Cunard, first baronet, and a founder of the great steamship line.

All Want to See the Fight.

The place of the moment where well-known sportsmen and women forgo their one common purpose is the booking office at the Waldorf Hotel for the Wells-Blake boxing contest. The actress, the jockey, the racehorse owner, the actor and pugilists innumerable pass in and out all day, and many who have not met for years encounter with surprise an old friend and leave together, the happy possessors of tickets for the great fight.

An 'Agony Column' Tragedy.

"Dear Fairy Princess,—I did see, of course, also at C.C. But I try to forget, though 'tis hard, and why prolong with futile messages? Also I promised. One more before I depart. Farewell, Sweetheart—may every happiness attend thee." Love renders us all inarticulate. When we love sincerely we forget our Meredith and remember our Braddon.

It Worried Sir Herbert.

Sir Herbert Beerbom Tree, like many other great men, is very absent-minded at times. A friend met him outside His Majesty's Theatre one day, tapping his watch and looking very unhappy. "What's the matter, 'Tree'?" he said. "I can't get a taxi," said Tree peevishly, "and I've got an appointment at the Carlton." The walk from His Majesty's to the Carlton takes nearly a minute—if you loiter.

Maeterlinck and Hall Caine.

M. Maeterlinck, whose works have been placed on the Index, owes his introduction to the English public to Mr. William Archer, who some years ago wrote an appreciative article about him in the "Fortnightly Review." He was then taken up by—of all people in the world—Hall Caine.

No Nicotine in His Tobacco.

Maeterlinck was at one time a confirmed smoker, but he has cured himself of the habit, though he invariably has a pipe in his mouth when working. According to a personal friend, "he fills his bowl with a denicotinised preparation, tasteless indeed, but harmless. His pipe is still always alight when the pen is busy, but it is hardly more now than an innocent subterfuge intended to cheat and so satisfy an irresistible mechanical craving."

THE RAMBLER.

M. Maeterlinck.

FATHER WHO HAS DECIDED TO TELL.

More Striking Views on the Question of Giving Children a Knowledge of Hygiene—"Danger of Ignorance."

Should girls be told?

It is right that they should know all about sex hygiene, including the essential facts of life and birth.

This is the problem of education which has once again been raised by the heated controversy which is now being waged between mothers and educational authorities in the village of Dronfield, in Derbyshire.

Miss Outram, the headmistress of the local council school, explained the origin of birth to the girls prior to their leaving school. Mothers were up in arms, and the local school managers reported the matter to the county education committee, with a recommendation that Miss Outram be asked to resign.

The committee replied that they did not consider it necessary to hold an inquiry or to ask Miss Outram to resign. This has roused a perfect storm of indignation.

The Daily Mirror obtained further interesting opinions on the problem as follows:—

Rev. Arthur J. Waldron, vicar of Brixton, and author of "Should a Woman Tell?"

All girls—and all boys—should be taught sex hygiene at school. They should be trained teachers in every school for the subject, which should be treated scientifically. I think that a teacher such a courageous woman as Miss Outram should be asked to resign.

Sir John McClure, headmaster of Mill Hill School:—

It is much too big a question to give an immediate

opinion, but from what I have read of this case at Dronfield my sympathies are with the teachers.

The headmistress of a Hertfordshire village Church school, where the subject of sex hygiene has been introduced into the school, told *The Daily Mirror* why she thought the children had benefited by it.

If you don't teach children the facts of nature in a sensible, open way, they find them out for themselves in a vulgar, improper way, she said.

A large number of letters have been sent spontaneously to *The Daily Mirror* in which it is interesting to note that everyone backs up the views of Miss Outram. These are examples:—

I am not surprised, only very disgusted, to read that some foolish Derbyshire parents are keeping their girls away from a school because the headmistress is wise and plucky enough to explain to those girls leaving the mystery of the origin of birth. This headmistress is about fifty years ahead of her time, and far too good for the age of hypocrisy in which we live. When will the age of hypocrisy end by bringing their children up in ignorance they are encouraging vice and crime, and actually participating in the downfall of their own daughters, more of whom fall through ignorance than for any other reason.

I am a father of four girls and two boys, and I can assure you that I should be only too glad to tell my children nothing less than a serious crime if I did not do so. Girls and boys alike should know of the evils of the vice, and the more they know the more they would be on their guard. My personal experience has taught me well, indeed, that this matters is very serious. My wife endorses all I say.

Boxhill-on-Sea.

A CRYING PROFESSION.

Women in the East End Who Peel Onions Daily for a Living.

"I am an onion peeler by profession." This was the description of herself given by a woman who was a plaintiff at Bow Court.

It is not exactly a profession which one hears of every day, but as a matter of fact there are large numbers of women in the East End who make a living out of onion peeling.

"There must be at least 500 women in the East End who peel onions as a profession," said an official of Messrs. Crosbie and Blackwell to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday. "If they are any good they can make 4s. or 5s. a day. In very many cases those in the business have been peeling since childhood, and daughters succeed mothers."

Great care has to be taken in the peeling. The skin must be taken off by hand, or the onion 'juices,' and is no use for pickling. The onions are always peeled in water. This is not to save the eyes of the peelers, but is done so as to keep the onion fresh and white.

"The old days of the strong smelling Spanish onion are over. The present-day onion comes from Italy, and is known as the white silver skin onion. It is not nearly so pungent as the Spanish onion."

During a special season as many as 4,000 women will be employed as onion peelers.

On Page 11.—The Terrible Blonde Again! A Spring of Flowers and Feathers! Latest Riviera Fashion Sketch! To-day's Bride and Her Dress.

THE GREATEST ADVENTURE

"With Capt. Scott
in the Antarctic.""WILD ANIMAL AND BIRD LIFE
IN THE SOUTH POLE REGIONS."

Press Praise :

"It is a national duty for every one to see and hear this wonderful story of British heroism."

"Intensely interesting; pictorially beautiful; entrancingly lovely."

"Beauty, instruction, or poignant reminiscence were found in every picture."

MR. HERBERT G. PONTING, F.R.G.S., exhibits his complete moving picture record of Captain Scott's memorable journey, and tells his thrilling story of the

Greatest Adventure
of Modern Times.

Twice Daily at 3 & 8.15, at

PHILHARMONIC HALL,
Great Portland Street, W.

Prices :
Reserved Stalls
and Circle,
5/-, 3/-, 2/-;
Balcony,
(Unreserved),
2/- and 1/-.

At all Libraries
and at the Hall.

Tele. :
3003 Mayfair.

Twice daily at
3 and 8.15.

PHILHARMONIC HALL

is Two Minutes from Oxford Circus Tubes and Portland
Road Metropolitan Stations. Omnibuses pass the door.

A COUGH
THAT HURT

Choked with Phlegm and afraid
to cough because of awful strain—
Cured by Veno's.

Is yours that kind of cough that strains your whole body? Is it a cough that hurts? It was for that kind of cough that Mr. JOHN METHVEN, of New Farm Cottages, Newton-of-Falkland, Fifeshire, N.B., took Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. In an interview with a Glasgow reporter he said: "I suffered from a bad Chest Cough, and I had tried innumerable so-called 'cures' without getting the slightest benefit. It racked my whole body, and the phlegm kept clogging up the air passages till I could hardly breathe. After months of suffering I tried Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, and what a relief! With the first dose or two the phlegm was loosened, and one bottle completely cured me. There is not a better cough cure made, either for young or old, than Veno's: I am sure it has saved us pounds in doctor's bills."

Mr. Methven, Fifeshire.

AWARDED GRAND PRIX AND GOLD MEDAL, PARIS HEALTH EXHIBITION, 1910.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the safest and surest remedy for:

COUGHS AND COLDS,
BRONCHITIS,
INFLUENZA,
LUNG TROUBLES,
BLOOD-SPITTING.

9¹/₂.
A Bottle.

ASTHMA,
NASAL CATARRH,
WHOPPING COUGH,
OLD-AGE COUGHS,
BAD BREATHING.

Larger Sizes 1/4 and 2/9. The 2/9 Size is the most economical. Of all Chemists and Medicine Vendors the world over, or post free from The Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Veno Buildings, Manchester.

**VENO'S LIGHTNING
COUGH CURE**

GREAT POPULAR SUCCESS
OF THE
24 FREE LESSONS IN HAIR CULTURE

Thousands of men and women delighted to find they may overcome Hair Troubles, Re-grow Hair when it is falling, and dress it in the most fashionable and becoming styles.

SEND THE FORM BELOW FOR YOUR FREE "HARLENE HAIR-GROWING" GIFT AND THE CHART OF 24 BEAUTIFUL HAIR DRESSINGS.

Mr. Edwards, the Royal Hair Specialist, has aroused the utmost enthusiasm everywhere by the remarkable and valuable free hair-growing gifts with which he has supplemented his unprecedented offer of 24 lessons in Hair Culture and Hair Dressing.

Ladies particularly are delighted beyond measure that not only are they enabled to get rid of all the hair troubles that have hitherto proved so harassing, and to grow luxuriant and really beautiful new hair, but can "dress" it in whichever of the 24 latest styles is most suitable to their type of face. Everywhere the value of Mr. Edwards' great free gift is seen in the double attraction and youthfulness

given to the appearance of men and women alike, and better than any thing else, those who have not yet secured the great Hair Specialist's wonderful "rejuvenation gift," again have the opportunity of doing so to-day.

This wonderful four-fold gift is offered FREE to every reader, quite without obligation, and includes not only the special guide to the best styles of hair-dressing, but also "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit that enables you to regrow your hair in splendid abundance from this day forth.

THE SECRET OF A YOUTHFUL
APPEARANCE LIES IN
THE HAIR.

This has always been one of the greatest principles laid down by Mr. Edwards in his successful campaign against falling, fading, splitting and unsightly hair, and the British Public have never realised this more vividly than to-day, when they are shown so clearly how to preserve and arrange their hair in the most attractive and becoming styles.

Nowadays, if the critical individual sees a man or woman—and more especially a woman—with hair not coiffured becomingly, he or she at once puts it down to "bad taste," but no one need now court such an impression with Mr. Edwards' valuable free gift at hand.

The poorest head of hair can become an aristocrat amongst all others in practically a few weeks by taking advantage of this unique opportunity, whilst the generous trial supply of "Harlene for the Hair" sent with the wonderful "Hair-Drill" Outfit starts at once to stop your hair falling and to regrow it in luxuriance.

EXQUISITE, YOUTH-RESTORING STYLES IN
HAIR-DRESSING SIMPLY EXPLAINED.

The "24 Lessons in Hair Culture," which have created so great a sensation here and on the Continent, include all the most fashionable styles. Some of these, it may be truly said, have been designed specially for you.

Whatever your style of face, you will find, in

this wonderful Manual, just the very one to give you distinction, youthful charm, and the captivating fresh appearance that compels admiration.

Then again, if your hair is too "skippy" or uncultured to look its best, you can use the one unfailing remedy which is also sent free. There is the delightful "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, that is invaluable to the health of the hair, and full, simply told directions how to secure the most beautiful hair in the shortest time.

THE MOST COMPREHENSIVE AND VALUABLE
GIFT EVER MADE TO THE PUBLIC.

Thus at once, without any charge or obligation whatever you receive everything most necessary for your hair.

FIRSTLY—A really wonderful fully illustrated chart which tells you how to achieve distinction in appearance by means of 24 marvellously thought-out lessons in Hair Culture.

SECONDLY—A clearly written Manual explaining the whole simple process of "Harlene

Hair-Drill" that beautifies your hair at a cost of a few minutes a day.

THIRDLY—A packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder that cleanses, brightens and "massages" even the ugliest hair into perfect beauty.

FOURTHLY—A generous supply of "Harlene" for the Hair that actually grows lustrous and abundant new hair in an astonishingly short time.

Just how great a boon this gift will be to every reader can be instantly realised when it is remembered that most ladies, however attractive their faces, dress their hair in any style they think most fashionable, whether it suits them or not, simply because they do not know there is a special style which would take years from the appearance and double the beauty of the hair.

Men, too, are shown in just the same way the remarkable difference in appearance, the remarkably strong, youthful, virile distinction conferred upon them by the proper care of the hair.

NO AGE LIMIT FOR HAIR REJUVENATION.
SEND THE SPECIAL FORM BELOW TO-DAY.
FOR YOUR FREE HAIR BEAUTY GIFT.

No matter what your trouble—or how long you have been troubled, the splendid result of glorious new hair, "Harlene Hair," is just as assured. If you are the fortunate possessor of naturally beautiful hair, "Harlene Hair-Drill" will make it more beautiful still, and enable you to dress it more artistically, and with more charming, freer effect. The styles illustrated in Mr. Edwards' Hair-Dressing Manual will give you a list of splendid ideas.

The third edition is becoming rapidly exhausted. Send the coupon below with 3d. in stamps to defray carriage to Edwards' Harlene Co., 104, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Further supplies of "Harlene" are obtainable in 1s., 2s., 6d. and 6d. bottles; and of "Cremex" in 1s. boxes of seven powders (single shampoo 2d.), from all chemists and stores or direct post free on remittance.

Foreign orders freight extra, and all cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed.

HAIR BEAUTY FREE!

To EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO.,
104, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Please send me the Hair-Dressing Chart and "Hair-Drill" Outfit. I enclose 3d. stamps for postage anywhere in the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NAME

ADDRESS

"The Daily Mirror," 3/2/14.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising and General Business Offices of
The Daily Mirror are:
23-29, BOUVERIE-STREET, LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 6100 Holborn (five lines).
PROVINCIAL CALLS: 135 Holborn.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflexed," Fleet, London.
PARIS OFFICE: 30, Rue du Sentier.

Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1914.

WHY WE WORK.

SUPPOSING that you cannot get away to the country when the first mild days come, the next best thing is to go down by the river in London and watch the bright water, leaving the City behind it as it makes for freedom and fresh air. The white birds that hover about there add to the attraction, and if you stand for a moment, leaning on the probably rather dirty parapet, you will feel a peculiarly pleasant disinclination to move or make any effort; and it will seem to you, if you have been properly brought up, that the trams and motor-omnibuses and the hundreds of hurrying people that pass over the bridges must be mad or sick or both; but it really doesn't matter to you.

You will please stand there for a long time, enjoying the sun-cure and looking rather profound, but in reality thinking about nothing at all—until, indeed, there shall come to you, thus standing, thus ruminating, thus following the gleaming water with your eyes, the irrepressible little demon of a tempting thought, thus: "Why on earth do people have to earn their living? Why?"

The immediate answer is, no doubt, that Adam was tempted and fell.

But even he, apparently, did a lot of gardening work and thought out names for the animals which must have been tiresome. And, besides, why should his condemnation to perpetual labour affect you?

who never touched
The excepted tree, nor with the Snake conspired.

You ought to have been privileged to escape this and have life offered free of charge.

Because it cannot be denied that, even so, even free of charge, life can be and generally is, sufficiently troublesome and enough of a nuisance; without you're being calmly requested to *earn* this trouble and to pay very highly for this nuisance as well. How angry we should all be if Mr. Lloyd George thought out a great Air and Sun Tax to plague us, as the Water Rate and the other rates plague us now. No! Never! Fresh as air, free as the sun—the measure would never pass even the subservient House of Commons of to-day. Yet people come to us and dare to tell us—dare to advance the absurd, unprovable proposition—that we must earn our supply of air; in other words, earn our living! To refute such a proposition we say that you have merely to stand on the embankment on a mild day in the sun, watching the white birds over the river.

Gradually all such sick figments of the brain as earning and owing and paying and rating, and saving up and putting by, and getting on and making way—gradually all fade and vanish out of consciousness. If other people like to surge over the bridges, let them. If the misguided will battle for trams, let them. If those with so little philosophic understanding insist . . .

But wait a minute: What was that? It was the clock near Temple Bar chiming three o'clock. Good Heavens, how late it is! You must get to work at once. Hurry up . . . W. M.

The seventh volume of Mr. Haselden's cartoons is now ready. It contains over a hundred of the best of those published during the past year. You may buy "Daily Mirror Reflections" for 6d. at any book-stall, or you may obtain it post free for 8d. from "The Daily Mirror," 23, Bouverie-street, E.C.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

"NO SOLUTION."

THE central problem of our day is surely and simply this:—
We are urging our best sons and daughters out of England to make themselves citizens of a new world.

Meanwhile we are forced to keep our ever-multiplying worst who are too undersized and too incompetent to emigrate or to adapt themselves to new conditions.
Till this problem is solved we can never hope to remedy our social troubles in England, and no amount of patching up measures will be of any avail.
H. C. E.

I AM so glad to see that your readers are discussing the problem of emigration in reference to the labour market in England.
Even if emigration could be made a means of

"PARSIFAL" IN LONDON.

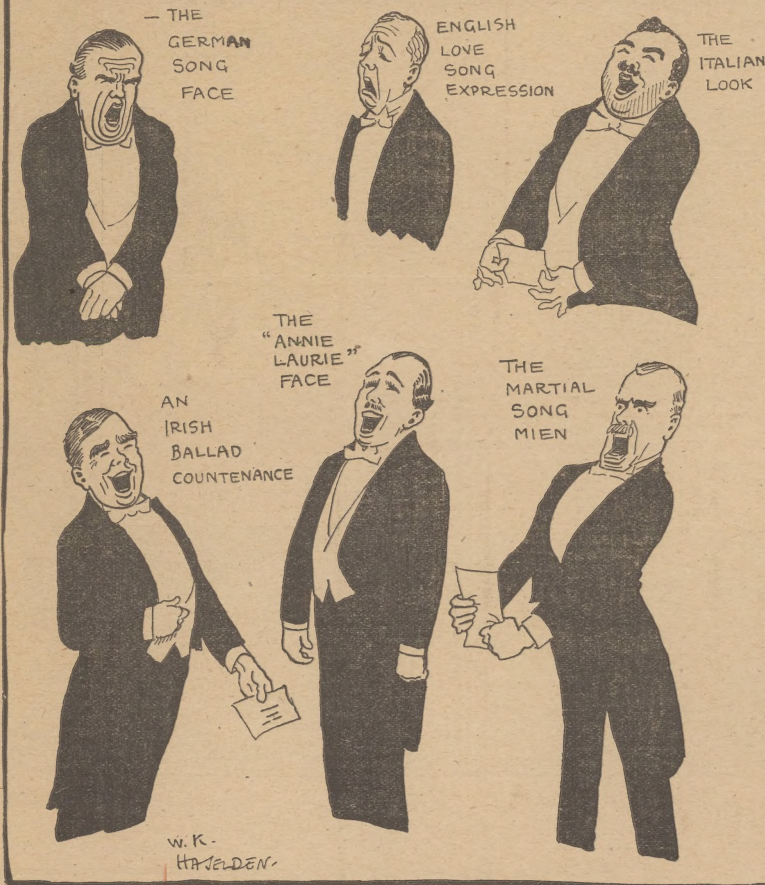
WOULD it not be possible to have in all the other theatres of London the rule enforced at Covent Garden during the performances of "Parsifal"—that all late-comers should be excluded until the end of the first act?
This will finally enable those who arrive in time to listen to the first act of a play in peace.
PUNCTUAL.
Palace-street, Buckingham-gate, S.W.

IT is quite true that Wagner would not have liked to see "Parsifal" played everywhere as it is now being played.

But are we not this once justified in ignoring his wishes?
Great art may not always appeal to the multitude, but surely the multitude ought to have a chance of saying whether they like it or not. And

THE SONG AND THE FACE: A STUDY IN PHYSIOGNOMY.

ALTHOUGH WE CANNOT HEAR WHAT THEY ARE SAYING, WE CAN ALWAYS TELL WHAT OUR SINGERS ARE SINGING ABOUT, AND EVEN THE LANGUAGE THEY ARE DOING IT IN, BY WATCHING THEIR FACES. THUS:—



People often complain that you cannot hear the words of any song. That may be true, but it doesn't much matter, as you can easily tell the sort of song it is by the sort of face that happens to be singing it.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

relieving the enormous over-congestion of that labour market, still the problem of crowding would inevitably arise sooner or later in the new world as in the old.

Those only will permanently help us who will teach us to adapt the supply of labour to the demand for it. So long as there are six men to every available job, so long will wages be low. The first man loses his job, and the employer gladly lets him go, since he knows that there are five others ready to replace him, and of these five in all probability two or three at least will be ready to replace him for a lower wage. It has always been to me a matter of amazement that the working classes fail, or seem to fail, to see that so long as the supply of labour is so vastly in excess of the demand for it no hope can be given them of wages high enough to meet the ever-increasing cost of living.
Cornwall-gardens, S.W.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

What is defeat? Nothing but education. Nothing but the first step to something better.—
Wendell Phillips.

POINTS AND PROBLEMS.

Our Readers Discuss Some of the Important Questions of the Moment.

FAULTS OF THE MODERN GIRL.

ON several occasions lately a woman correspondent has been telling *The Daily Mirror* readers about men's "irritating habits" as seen by "engaged girls."

May I ask: "Is it only after they are safely engaged that they become conscious of men's failings, and begin to abuse the male sex generally? Why not remain disengaged?" May I be allowed to tell *The Daily Mirror* readers some of the irritating traits and habits of the modern girl, which in my opinion, and as the result of extensive inquiries among the male sex, I believe deter young men from even proposing at all.

1. Unpunctuality and being late for meals and appointments.

2. Irresponsibility and general lack of method and capability in all serious matters.

3. Wearing paper-soled shoes and open-work stockings in wet and wintry weather.

4. Dropping bags, handkerchiefs, purses, etc., wherever they go, and losing jewellery in restaurants, theatres and public resorts.

5. Total ignorance and contempt for domestic economy, cuisine and the management of servants and keeping of household accounts.

6. Cigarette smoking in public.

7. Would-be athleticism and spicing of masculine dress and deportment in outdoor games.

I believe that every modern woman (with few exceptions) must plead guilty to one or more of the above failings.

A BACHELOR.

WAISTS AND HIGH HEELS.

I THINK many people must have read the letter from "Elegance" with amusement, and certainly with sorrow at her lamentable ignorance of the most elementary of hygienic principles. Any person with the slightest knowledge of physiology, or possessed of any common sense, would instantly condemn everything "Elegance" recommends—i.e., tight corsets and high heels, two sources of diseases and deformity in girls and women, and also of discomfort and inconvenience to the wearers.

Moreover, does your correspondent expect a school-girl to have lines which are not attained until she is well on in her teens (nineteen or twenty)? In spite of her sloppy figure and square toes you will find the present-day schoolgirl far and away superior in physique to the girl who tries to cultivate a figure by wearing the above-mentioned abominations.

Let Nature do her own work. She does it far better than we can.
AN OLD SCHOOLGIRL.
Hammersmith.

TEACHING AND SEX QUESTIONS.

FOR some years past I have noticed a growing tendency among women school teachers (married and single) to bring forward and openly discuss, no matter who is listening, sex and sexual questions, and I am not surprised to learn that they are now discussing these matters with children.

As a man I am pleased to say that I have not noticed this "peculiarity" with men teachers.

What is the matter with our feminine instructors?
O. B. M.

IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 2.—In warm localities the beautiful poppy agemones (anemone coronaria) should be planted early in the autumn; they will then flower in April. But in exposed places it is wise to plant these valuable tubers early in February, since their foliage will not be exposed to frost and bitter winds.

A bed of fairly light sandy soil suits them well, and a position that is slightly shaded is desirable. They should be set out in masses.

The early-flowering gladioli can also be set out this month. "The Bride" is a precious white variety that is always welcome for cutting.

E. F. T.

THE LOVER'S DREAM.

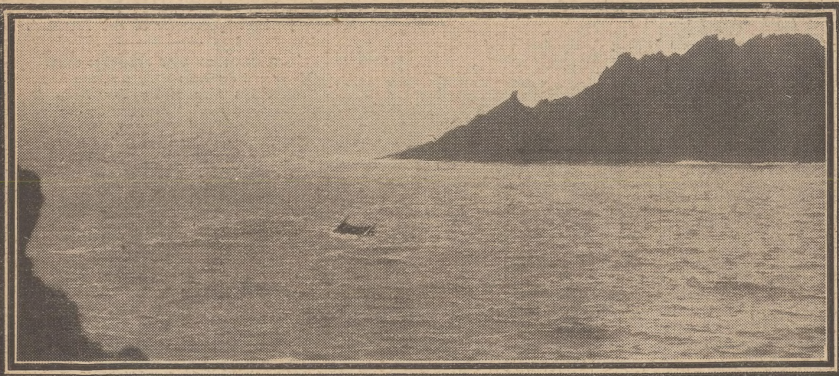
So glad am I, my only Love,
So glad that I could fly
Above the clouds and far enough—
Join hands, and let us try!

We'll watch the world that spins below
Amid a mist of stars;
Along the Milky Way we'll go
Towards the heavenly bars.

And, smiling soft at one another,
Sweet angels looking o'er
Shall cry, "These lovers love each other;
Never were such before!"

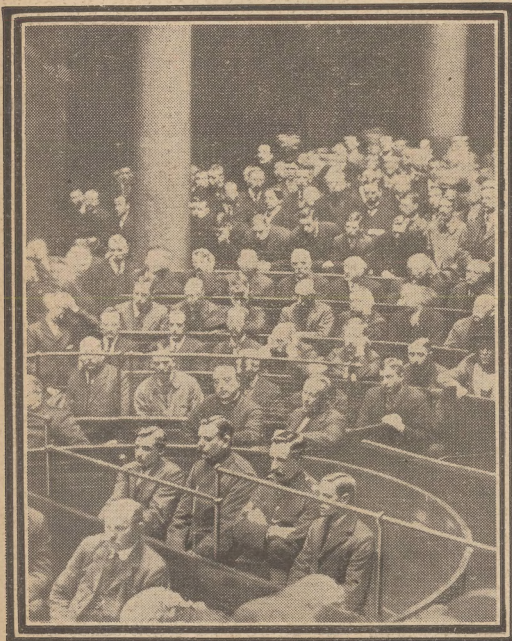
—MARY ROBINSON.

MASTHEAD TO WHICH FIVE MEN CLUNG.



The top of a mast of the German barque Hera, to which five men were found clinging. It could just be seen above the water, as in the photograph, when the lifeboat came to their rescue. One of the men attracted attention by a shrill whistle. Their position was desperate, as great waves were breaking over them. The scene of the wreck, in which nineteen men, including the captain, perished, is about eight miles north-west of Falmouth.

SACK MURDER TRIAL OPENS.



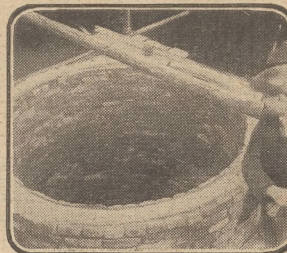
The sack crime prisoners in the dock at Liverpool yesterday. They are George Ball (alias Sumner) and Samuel Eltoft (nearest the camera).—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

AIRMAN'S PLATES.



Mr. Hamel looping the loop before their Majesties. The large white rings show he is upside down.

SEARCH FOR CLUES.



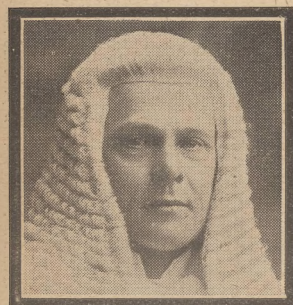
The disused pit-shaft near which the body of Kent Reeks was found. It is being searched for clues.

THE FRENCH CAPTURE



The capture by assault by the French expedition in Africa of the town of... handing a flag to an officer.

JUDGE RESIGNS.



Mr. Justice Bucknill, who is resigning. He is one of the most popular men who ever sat on the bench.—(Vandyk.)



After the assault. The native soldiers on the crest of the fortifications are firing on the defenders, who are in hiding. The town is one of the...

N AFRICAN TOWN.



On the top of the wall can be seen one of the attacking force in the fortifications.



bases in France's African possessions. The attacking force lost fifteen men, including three officers, while twenty-two men were wounded.

STRIKE WHICH PLEASES THE CHILDREN.



"Three cheers for no school." The resolution was carried with acclamation amid scenes of great enthusiasm.



Shy little maiden pleased.



Mr. Nicholls, the strike leader.



"Where's teacher gone?" "Girls and boys come out to play"—for there'll be no school to-day. Grammars are getting dusty on the shelves of the Herefordshire schools, and 5,000 little boys and girls are enjoying holidays in February! There is no one to vex their souls with the "Three R's," for the teachers want more money, and are striking for it. Hence the joy in these youthful breasts.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)

PRINCE'S BRIDE.



Countess Calvi di Bergole, who has just been married to Prince Aage of Denmark, Queen Alexandra's nephew.



A Timely Message to the Public

Notable Strength-giver notably endorsed

The victories of life are always for the strong, of body, of nerve, of mind—and we are all in the fighting line, somewhere.

Five-and-twenty years ago a medical man of high distinction evolved a Formula to assist humanity in life's struggle—to build—to strengthen—to restore—to instil energy—to revive vigour. To-day the success of that Formula, never once in question, is established more firmly than ever. It is the Formula of the Great Restorative known throughout the world as Hall's Wine.

We state nothing short of the truth when we say that to a legion of the run-down, the weakly, the over-wrought, the ailing, the nerve-worn, the convalescent, Hall's Wine has brought new hope, new ambition, new life. It has effected a restoration of body, nerve and mind which has won the gratitude of countless sufferers, and the appreciation of thousands of well-known medical men.

How Doctors endorse Hall's Wine:

'I find that Hall's Wine is the most useful and dependable restorative we have.'

'Hall's wine is an exceptionally good thing for convalescents, particularly in winter.'

'There is nothing like Hall's Wine as a stimulant for flagging energies.'

'I have a great opinion of Hall's Wine. I advise it in almost any depressed condition.'

'Hall's Wine is the best I know for keeping one up to form during times of strenuous pressure.'

'My patients invariably gain strength by taking Hall's Wine. I always take it when run down.'

'Hall's Wine is invaluable, especially where vitality is low or the nerves shattered.'

'I advise Hall's Wine whenever a tonic is required, particularly after Influenza and in Debility.'

'It is impossible to take Hall's Wine without being benefited.'

With every bottle of Hall's Wine goes a definite, straightforward Guarantee that if, after taking half of it, you feel you have derived no real benefit, we will refund your outlay, if you return us the half-empty bottle within 14 days. Such evidence have we of the powers of this Restorative that we wholeheartedly counsel any reader overworked or run-down, or in any way below par, to make a trial of Hall's Wine on these terms.

Were it not that medical etiquette forbids the publication of Doctors' names, we could publicly present such an array of Medical Recommendations as would carry conviction to the mind of every reader of this paper. Verification of this is available at our offices should any reader care to call.

Hall's Wine is obtainable at 3/6, extra large bottle, and 2/-, smaller size, from all Wine Merchants, and Licensed Grocers and Chemists throughout the Kingdom.

SOLE PROPRIETORS: STEPHEN SMITH & CO., LTD., BOW, LONDON.

The Proprietors of
Hall's Wine

THE PAGE THAT HAS SOMETHING EVERY DAY FOR EVERY WOMAN.

THE TERRIBLE BLONDE AGAIN!

Divorce Lawyer's Long List of Misdeemeanours to Which She Is Addicted.

"CROCKERY SMASHER."

Are blondes the real "trouble-makers"?

Times without number their character has been attacked, but usually in the way of mere assertion. Now two men have risen heavily armed with facts and figures.

Justice Giegerich, of the Supreme Court of New York, states that in 220 divorce cases he recently tried 210 of the co-respondents were blondes. Mr. Herman L. Roth, who has secured more divorces for social celebrities than any other attorney in the United States, asserts that ninety-one out of every 100 women who have caused the trouble in the cases he has dealt with are blondes.

This is his tremendous indictment. Blondes, he says, are

Vain. Fickle. Love no one well save themselves. Invite flirtation and challenge insult.

Weak-willed. Bear the trade-mark of the coquette. Say, in effect: "Catch me. I am easily caught."

"I went a journey in a train recently," he states. "On the car were six women—two blondes and four brown-haired women—all handsome. In an hour each blonde had attracted a man to her side—one a passenger, the other the brakeman. The brown-haired women sat alone throughout the trip."

"Men are often drawn to blondes because they have a sweetly confiding expression. The male

"DAILY MIRROR" BEAUTIES.—No. 85.



Every day a fresh portrait is added to the gallery. No names are given, readers being left to guess them. Prizes of £10 and 100 books will be awarded to those sending in the most complete lists of the names of the originals, with the best summary of their merits, at the end of the twenty-six weeks during which the portraits are appearing.—(Ellis and Walery.)

likes to be trusted whether he deserves it or not. But the blonde's trustfulness goes no further than the expression, which is generally assumed because it goes well with golden hair and a blue snail."

"The most legitimate reason for a man's preference for the blonde is that he thinks she is more cheerful. She is more hilarious. Being of a butterfly nature. She more quickly tosses off trouble."

The brunette, being of a truer, deeper nature, ponders over grief, broods about it. Men like to be amused, and it vexes them to find their wives or any other women in whom they are interested, in the doldrums.

"That is the handicap of the brunette on the road to happiness. But I will say this for her. She sulks, but she doesn't nag."

"When a brunette is named as a co-respondent the man always marries her. Only ten of every hundred blonde co-respondents achieve marriage with the defendant."

"Men see the signs of a weak will in a blonde's pretty face, and call it amiability. The truth is it is nothing of the sort. The record of broken crockery and smashed furniture that has got into many divorce cases is generally made by blondes."

BAD LEG CURE FREE.

Splendid Offer. Cure Guaranteed.

Ulcers and running sores which will not heal, fiery patches causing agony, ankles and veins swollen and tender, crumpling and stabbing pains, skin all purple and black—are caused by poison and acid in your blood. Send for Week's Free Treatment of Hood's Medicine, the great herbal blood remedy, which in two years has a record of 40,000 cures. It clears the poison right out of the blood, and thus we guarantee an absolute cure. Send 2d. for postage, etc., to Hood's (Room M.B.3), 34, Snow-Hill, London, and choose liquid or tablet form.—(Advt.)

A SPRING OF FLOWERS AND FEATHERS.

Riviera Is Charmed by Floral Hats and Toques—A Dainty Example.

Monte Carlo.

Chère Amie, I am enchanted to hear that you "fall in love" with the little hat surrounded by baby rose trees which I sketched for you last week. I assure you that lots of other people have "fallen in love" with the same model, and with all the other floral hats and toques which are going to control the world of fashion this spring.

It will be a season of flowers and feathers! Agrettes and ospreys—even the imitation specimens—will have to be content with humble places in the background. Lilian has just become possessed of the very daintiest flower hat I have ever seen. It is one of the quaint, flat-brimmed shapes which have rather high, straight crowns, and the said crown is covered entirely with lily of the valley blossoms. The brim is covered with stretched white satin, and at one side, near the front, there is a cluster of Parma violets and two dark red rosebuds. It is simply fascinating.

FASCINATING—AND USEFUL.

Lilian is going to wear it tomorrow afternoon with a pleated skirt of white satin and a loose-long-sleeved—coatee in pale violet velvets—de laine. This is a fascinating costume, and immensely useful, as the coatee can be worn with all sorts of different dresses, and for specially smart occasions there is a white satin Russian blouse to accompany the skirt. Lilian is awfully clever at inventing combination garments, with the result that she is considered one of the best-dressed girls here this season.

A propos "combination garments," let me draw your attention to the dainty little evening gown I have sketched for your benefit. I remembered your wish to be economical and also your pretty bleu nuit dinner frock, and I have "arranged" a costume for you which is the newest of the new and yet quite inexpensive.

TUNICS EMBROIDERIES.

The satin skirt is already in your possession, and the smart tunic—copied from one of the modes worn in the play "Le Tango"—is just a length of tulle, or coarse net, set in box pleats at the waist. Of course, the embroideries on this tunic would be horribly expensive if you purchased the garment ready made, but you are so clever with your needle that you could do the loveliest things with the aid of Briggs' iron-off patterns and a collection of small porcelain beads.

The little flowers shown in my sketch can be bought by the dozen and introduced into the design. They might be in fine straw—this is one of the very new ideas—or in ribbon work. In the latter case you could make the whole thing yourself, flowers and all. I should not recommend a tunic with a pleated heading for anyone who did not possess a naturally slender figure, but for you it will be charming.

USEFUL FOR DANCES.

If you really rave about being "economical" you can wear the bleu-nuit skirt in the afternoon, with a tulle blouse, and a wrap in a pale cream camel's hair cloth or thin velours de laine. Lilian swears by short-pleated satin skirts, because she says they look equally well with Russian blouse coats in the afternoon or

TO-DAY'S BRIDE AND HER DRESS.

Many charming dresses will be worn at the marriage of Miss Gwladys R. Davies, daughter of Mr. J. R. Davies, Ceres, Bangor, North Wales, to Mr. William Guy Fison, son of Sir F. Fison, at St. George's, Hanover-square, to-day.

Her gown is of ivory satin Diane, gracefully draped and completed by a Court train of silver-brocaded gauze, lined with cloth of silver and draped in artistic folds from the waist and caught on the shoulders. The corsage is particularly dainty, with its pearl and diamanté garniture upon a silver background, and its completion in the form of a graceful Médici collar. It has long sleeves of silver lace, veiled with soft tulle.

Four bridesmaids will wear frocks of silver grey crepe de Chine, prettily draped, and short tunics bordered with silver lace. To these dresses are also given small Médici collars of silver lace, and the long sleeves are finished with cuffs to match. Rose du Barri satin gives a becoming touch of colour to the dress in the form of wide cintrures and sashes. Mme. Agnes Bell is the maker.

satin wraps in the evening. And there is a good deal in this, as one nearly always wants a round skirt in the evening here. A train is such a bother at the Casino, and, for dancing, it is in the way, unless it happens to be one of the new fish-tail affairs, which can be thrown over the arm.

How do you like the picturesque wrap shown in my drawing? It is of soft white satin on both sides and edged with white marabout. To make this wrap, in kimono style, you would need six yards of double-width satin, three yards for either side.

I have just had one made by a small dressmaker here, and the whole thing cost me less than £2. The satin was five francs a yard, and I chose shell-pink for the outside and oyster-white for the lining. Instead of having a border of marabout I tacked on my white fox stole, and I have been told that the ensemble is not unattractive.

A girl who sat near us at the last Louis Ganne concert had a sweet little evening gown made of



A simple evening frock for Monte Carlo of "bleu nuit" charmeuse. The tunic is bordered and incrimated with tiny flowers.

white silk voile and trimmed with swansdown. The skirt was gathered at the waist and cleverly draped, a caught-in effect at the feet. The tunic and loose kimono bodice were both bordered with swansdown, and there was a wide slash of turquoise-blue chiffon which had fringed ends. There were some pink roses stuck into the waist band and one small rose in the hair, just behind the right ear.—Your devoted friend, NADINE.

"NOTHING CURED IT BUT THIS."

"Oh, I have suffered many years With pain in head and eyes and ears; No nerve, but dreadful sighs and tears Till I took Kephaldol."

"And now I have no pain in head, And not obliged to keep in bed. Oh, I can walk and talk with ease, And go just where I like and please, Through taking Kephaldol."

By Mrs. Margaret Ward, 34, Milton-st., Derby. They're all taking it. Chemists everywhere have it. There are more people shouting the praises of Dr. Stohr's Kephaldol—The Great Pain-Killer—than have ever supported any three remedies.—(Advt.)

CHILDREN HATE CASTOR OIL AND PILLS.

"California Syrup of Figs" Best for Tender Stomach, Liver, Bowels—Tastes Delicious.

Look back at your childhood days. "Remember the 'dose' mother insisted on—castor oil or pills. How you hated them! How you fought against taking them!

With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of physic simply don't realise what they do. The children's revolt is well-founded. Their tender little "insides" are injured by drastic purgatives.

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only delicious "California Syrup of Figs." Its action is positive, but gentle. Millions of mothers keep this harmless "fruit laxative" handy; they know that children love to take it; and that it never fails to clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach. A teaspoonful given to-day saves a child from a bilious attack to-morrow.

Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages, and for grown-ups plainly on each bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here. See that it is made by "California Fig Syrup Company." California Syrup of Figs is sold by all chemists, Is. 1½d. and Is. 3d. Refuse any other kind with contempt.—(Advt.)

ARE YOUR EYES WEAK?



An Illustrated Little book, "How to Preserve your Eyesight," is yours for the asking. Write to: Stephen Green, 210, Lambeth-road, London, S.E., and mention "The Daily Mirror," and it will be sent. It tells the story of a wonderful cure for weak, watery eyes, styes, ulcers on the eyes, inflamed, sore or tender eyelids, falling eyelashes, and every trouble of eyes, eyelids, or eyelashes. Send for the booklet to get 2s. ancient pedestal pot of Singleton's Eye Ointment from your chemist. It has been curing people ever since the time of Queen Elizabeth. Singleton's is what you want; refuse everything else.

BY APPOINTMENT
MAKERS OF JAMS TO H.M. THE KING

Chivers Jams.

Made in the Country away from the dirt and the dust of the town

Absolutely Pure

No preservatives
No artificial colouring

Tell your Grocer you MUST have Chivers' The Orchard Factory, Histon, Cambridge

HOW YOU MAY REDUCE YOUR WEIGHT

Overstoutness is a very unwelcome condition, especially in the present day, when slender figures are so fashionable, and every reader of this paper has noticed the tendency of some people to put on an excessive amount.

If you happen to be one of those whose weight is more than it should be, don't try to starve yourself, eat all you want, but go to your Chemist and get oil of orlène in capsule form, and take one with each meal.

Oil of orlène increases the oxygen-carrying power of the blood and dissolves the fatty tissue, in many cases at nearly the rate of 1lb. per day. Be sure to get oil of orlène in capsule form. It is sold only in original sealed packages. Any good Chemist has it.—(Advt.)

Diabetes

Simple Herb Quickly Cures This Dread Disease to Stay Cured.

Diabetes has heretofore been considered incurable, and the only hope held out to the afflicted has been to prolong their years by strict dieting.

A plant recently discovered in Mexico, called Diabetol Herb, has been found to be a specific in the treatment of diabetes, quickly reducing the specific gravity and sugar, restoring vigour, and building up the system. This harmless vegetable remedy will relieve the patient of his worst symptoms in the most aggravated cases within a week, and to prove it we will post the first 2s. 6d. package for 1s. with free booklet of special value to the diabetic, containing latest diet list and exclusive table of food values, giving percentage of starch and sugar (carbohydrates) in 250 different foods.

Tell your afflicted friend of this offer, and send 1s. today for a full-sized 2s. 6d. package; AMES CHEMICAL CO. (Dept. 1, A), 8, Bouverie-street, London, E.C. You may purchase Diabetol at ordinary retail prices of Boots and other chemists.—(Advt.)

NEW SERIAL

BEGIN TO-DAY.

What Every Woman Forgets.

By HENRY FARMER.

THE CHARACTERS.

FRITZ KAVANAGH, a young man of twenty, travelling before settling down to a political career. He is on his way to India when he meets.

SUZANNE CLOAN, the beautiful wife of

MICHAEL CLOAN, ruler over armies of native labour and with the reputation of a bully, is not a suitable husband for a woman with the intelligence and temperament of Mrs. Cloan.

Before the ship has reached Colombo Kavanagh has fallen deeply in love with Mrs. Cloan. He realises that she, too, is not indifferent to him; but no word of love is spoken between them.

THE STORY.

The story opens on board the Mooltana, bound for India. Fritz Kavanagh meets the acquaintance of Suzanne Cloan, who is going out to Ceylon to join her husband. Kavanagh perceives at once that she is unhappy. He suspects that "Rajah" Cloan, ruler over armies of native labour and with the reputation of a bully, is not a suitable husband for a woman with the intelligence and temperament of Mrs. Cloan.

Before the ship has reached Colombo Kavanagh has fallen deeply in love with Mrs. Cloan. He realises that she, too, is not indifferent to him; but no word of love is spoken between them.

Eight months afterwards Kavanagh is back in London and meets Cloan at his club. The "Rajah" asks the young man to dinner at his house, and actuated by a desire to renew his acquaintance with Mrs. Cloan, Kavanagh accepts. But when he arrives at the house he finds Cloan hopelessly drunk. He discerns that this is the cause of Suzanne's unhappiness.

After the meal Cloan falls into a drunken sleep, and Kavanagh joins Mrs. Cloan in the drawing-room. He finds her weeping bitterly, bewailed by compassion and affection for her, his arms close round her, expressing passion, sympathy and a man's craving to protect a woman.

And then, suddenly, her body becomes rigid. She stares past him. He releases her and swings round.

The door is open. Cloan stands on the threshold, steadying himself against the lintel. He comes forward to attack Kavanagh, but trips, falls and strikes his head heavily.

Concupiscence results. Kavanagh does his best for the "Rajah," and a doctor is called. The young man leaves the house late that night, Cloan not having recovered consciousness.

When Kavanagh arrives at his flat he finds Reggie Lombard waiting to tell him a remark from Lombard. Kavanagh to the discovery that he has brought away Cloan's checkbook from the "Rajah's" house in mistake for his own. He puts his name in the pocket and brings out a note. It is a short love letter, addressed to Michael Cloan. The signature is "Suzanne," and the address on the note-paper, The Nook, Dutchman-Thames.

Kavanagh puts the note away, but it is brought back to his mind when Lombard tells him that he has got entangled with this same woman. Her husband, who goes by the names of De Castro and Smith, is blackmailing Lombard. The following morning, however, Kavanagh and Lombard read in the paper that De Castro has been found murdered in his flat.

Chief Inspector Slew, of Scotland Yard, investigates the murder.

When Cloan recovers consciousness he remembers nothing of the events of the previous night. Caroline Cloan, however, who hates Suzanne, recalls the scene, and he remembers seeing his wife in Kavanagh's arms.

He sends for Suzanne and tells her about Kavanagh. Suzanne manages to quell his suspicions, but she is not so successful with her sister-in-law, Caroline Cloan. Suzanne rings Kavanagh up on the telephone.

CHAPTER IX. (continued).

SUSPENSE was responsible for the bald simplicity of Fritz Kavanagh's speech into the telephone.

What was happening at Menzies House was the question that had haunted him distractingly throughout the day behind him. And now the woman who could answer it had rung him up. Their futures were dependent on the answer.

Mrs. Cloan had told him that when her husband was himself she had considerable influence over him, and that if called upon she was prepared to ask his forgiveness. In the brief pause, Kavanagh knew a fierce, passionate desire that the answer to his question would be such that it would leave the woman he loved no alternative but to come to him. His heart was calling out for her boldly and selfishly, but humanly. They had looked into each other's hearts; he had seen into the misery of her life. For a moment he had forgotten the conscience she had also revealed to him, the dictates of which were real to her.

When she spoke in her turn Mrs. Cloan's voice was conventionally formal, if a little dull, as from physical weariness. But with her this style was very often a refuge and a cloak.

"Michael is better," she said. "I was with him a few minutes ago."

"And his memory?"

"Is quite right again. That is really what I rang up to tell you."

She gave a little laugh that was artificial. But that was preferable to a stifled sound of emotion that might reach the man at the other end of the wire. If it had not been the one it would have been the other.

"I told you that Michael was not himself at all last night. Well—I won't go into detail. But I—know you have been worrying about me. That is why I rang you up. I couldn't very well write on the subject, and accidents don't happen on the telephone every day."

She was almost inattentive to the ear now; at least, would have been to an unsensitive ear.

"Well, there is nothing for you to worry about now. All your fears have been proved groundless. I have—how shall I put it?—quite. Well, I have given my husband an undertaking that nothing—of the kind shall happen again. How hard it is sometimes to express oneself!"

Either this style, however artificial and forcedly flippant, or a breakdown into emotion. And that must not be!

"And you," she went on, "can help me in a way. I don't like to say spiteful things—even about militant suffragettes—but my sister-in-law is rather like a cat on the watch, waiting to pounce on anything that might prejudice my husband and her brother against me. The thing to do, of course, will be not to provide her with a ghost of an opportunity to pounce."

"Has she repeated what I said over the telephone?"

"I don't know. I don't think so. But it doesn't matter much. What passed between Michael and myself covered everything—or can be made to cover everything—as far as the past is concerned. And

the future—when are you seriously going to take up that political career that you told me about?"

Kavanagh had lunched that day at the Parthenon Club with the Dean of Larchester, in a refined, exclusive atmosphere of literature, politics and ecclesiasticism. And the Dean, whose knowledge of the world and a certain touch of worldliness made him all the more attractive and human, had dined with the Prime Minister on that evening.

"Pretty soon—now!" answered Kavanagh. "At least, I fancy so. The strings are being pulled to-night."

But there was no enthusiasm in his voice. The most significant of the uttered words was "now." It might have been otherwise. It had all depended on the answer to the question that had haunted him throughout the day; during the lunch at the Parthenon, and later when Reggie Lombard, haunted by visions of certain letters signed "Bimbo," being read out in a coroner's court, had returned to Kavanagh's flat, looking like a ghost and too absorbed with his own trouble to dream of the likelihood of Kavanagh having one of his own. A miserable man is often colossally selfish. But Reggie Lombard was very young in many ways.

"I should like to hear more enthusiasm in your voice," said Mrs. Cloan, with a little laugh. "Indifference never yet got a man any distance up the ladder—I mean your sort of ladder. I should like to see you go a long way."

"You would?" Kavanagh's voice had gone a little husky suddenly.

"Yes—very much; ever so much!" The artificiality had dropped from hers.

"Is—is the chapter really closed?" asked Kavanagh.

"Absolutely!"

"Wait—"

"No. It's closed. I've told you. Haven't I made it plain? Michael and I—haven't you grasped what I want you to grasp? I don't want—I hate sentiment. Don't let us have any now, please. I've told you before that I appreciate deeply your attitude towards me. But—yes, the chapter is closed."

Kavanagh swung round. Reggie Lombard's head had come round the door.

"Still at it, old chap?" said the good-looking young subaltern mournfully. He gripped an evening paper.

"Get out, Reggie—"

Reggie Lombard retired. A laugh reached Kavanagh over the telephone.

"Who is the perpetually intruding Reggie?" asked Mrs. Cloan. "I don't think he improves your language!"

"Cousin—Reggie Lombard. He's over here on sick leave."

Kavanagh's tone was nearly irritable. But Suzanne's trivial inconsequence was intentional. Her heart was calling just as much as the man's.

"Lombard—Reggie Lombard?" He was not stationed at Trincomalee with the—"

"Yes, yes; but—"

"You remember Miss Maldon—Patricia Maldon—'Pat,' on board the Mooltana?"

"Why recall the Mooltana now?" asked Kavanagh, fiercely.

"Will you listen, and not get melodramatic?"

Yet she, too, had recalled the deserted stern of the ship, the stars, the throb of the screw and the trail of saffron moon on the sea; had recalled it as vividly and as poignantly as the man; but she was proving herself the stronger.

"I'll listen—yes, I'll listen; if you'll listen to me, presently."

"My dear man, I'm not going to have conditions imposed on me!"

She might have been a shrill-voiced, artificial society woman, with her "my dear man."

"It's so interesting," she went on. "I've just had a letter from 'Pat' Maldon. She's on her way home now. She mentioned your cousin, Mr. Lombard, and wanted to know casually if I had heard of him to come across him. She tells me he is rather nice—"

A little sound, betraying comprehension, broke from Kavanagh. He had been distracted momentarily. Miss Maldon—"Pat"—the girl with deep blue eyes and sunshine hair and a demure, but mischievous, manner, must be Reggie Lombard's "Her" and his present human conscience that preyed upon him now as he continually pictured his letters, written to Buena Ayres and signed "Bimbo," being read out in the coroner's court.

Kavanagh's exclamation reached Mrs. Cloan.

"Oh!" She laughed. "Then Mr. Lombard, I suppose, has sometimes referred—probably casually, also—to Miss Maldon—"

"Not by name actually, but vaguely—"

Mrs. Cloan laughed again. The laugh was real, and rang charmingly and almost girlishly, as if this prospective romance—she had divined it in the girl's letters—pleased her. Her momentary distraction was characteristic of the unselfish strain in her nature, in a minor way, in that she was not so blindly absorbed in her own unhappiness that she could not rejoice at the prospect of happiness and romance in the lives of others.

"Why is she coming home?" asked Kavanagh.

"I don't know. She doesn't say. She's quite mysterious about it. She had a splendid position out there."

"I remember," said Kavanagh.

But Patricia Maldon was a kind of subordinate figure in his memories. The chief figure was the woman talking to him over the telephone—Suzanne. She was there when he had written in the girl's autograph book, "La vertu est la seule noblesse." She had quoted it afterwards.

Then it seemed as if the subject of Reggie Lombard and "Pat" Maldon was exhausted. There was a silence. Mrs. Cloan was at a loss for something to say, though she felt the desperate need of keeping the ball rolling in a commonplace or impersonal groove.

Actually PAID in Insurance Claims by ANSWERS

£16,600

Every copy of this famous periodical is an insurance policy of

£1000

against fatal accidents by rail, and an insurance policy of £100 against fatal accidents by tram or motor-bus

Full particulars in the current issue



**If You
Need a
Tonic, You Need
The Best Tonic!**

And the best tonic is Sanatogen. That was definitely proved by the official decision of the International Medical Congress held in London last August.

The special jury of the Congress, representing the cleverest physicians in the world, gave their highest possible award (the Grand Prix) to Sanatogen—and only to Sanatogen, among all other tonics and nutrients.

Do you fully grasp what this means to you? Where your health is concerned, you cannot experiment with inferior doubtful preparations. If you want a tonic, you need the best. Therefore, you need Sanatogen.

Sanatogen is the one thing you can depend on to bring about real improvement in your health, and especially in the health of your nervous system. Sanatogen to-day for a Free Sample of Sanatogen and Booklet. I enclose a penny stamp for postage.

Sanatogen

Send This
Coupon To-day.

A. WULFING & CO.,
14, CHESTER STREET, LONDON, W.C.
Please send me Free Sample of Sanatogen and Booklet. I enclose a penny stamp for postage.
Name.....
Address.....
S. 52.



THIS MORNING'S NEWS ITEMS.

South Bucks Polling Date.

Polling at South Bucks has been fixed for Wednesday, February 18.

Woman Governor of Art Gallery.

The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland has appointed Miss Sarah Purser as a governor and guardian of the Irish National Gallery.

Wireless Heroes' Memorial.

The fatal heroism of Ferdinand Kuehne, the wireless operator of the steamship Monroë, will probably be commemorated on the memorial to Jack Phillips, the Titanic operator, which is to be unveiled in New York.

Queen's Tribute to Dead Peer.

Among the wreaths at the funeral of Lord Knutsford at Witley (Sussex) yesterday was one from Queen Alexandra inscribed "With heartfelt sorrow at the loss of my dear old friend, Lord Knutsford, from Alexandra."

Ellen Terry's Lecture Tour.

Miss Ellen Terry will leave London on March 27 to give a series of lectures on "Heroines of Shakespeare" in Australia and New Zealand.

Round the World Flying Race.

The route of the round the world flying race, which will start from the San Francisco Exposition in May, 1915, includes, says Reuter, London, Edinburgh and several European capitals.

One-Child Homes in Majority.

According to a statement by the French Minister of Labour, families with only one child are now for the first time in the country's history, in a majority in France.

German Airship for Britain.

The newspapers announce (says a Reuter Berlin message) that the British Government have ordered another airship from the Parseval Company for sea use and capable of floating on water.

ARTIST BARBERS.

Unshaven Chin Regarded by Dutch Hairdressers as Canvas by Painters.

"Dutchmen and Germans are the best barbers in the world. They have the artistic touch—just that lightness and agility with the razor and the scissors which make the difference between a haircut or shave that is absolutely perfect and one that is 'not quite.'"

Such was the opinion expressed yesterday by a London hairdresser, who was asked to account for the number of Dutch and German barbers in London.

The reason might never have been known if a Dutch barber, aged twenty, had not sought yesterday to pass the Aliens Immigration Board with only 6s. in his pocket.

He was going, he said, to a hairdresser at Lambeth, but in case he was refused employment he had taken the precaution of buying a return ticket. Such foresight could not go unrewarded—the applicant was admitted.

"I often have Dutch barbers in my employ," a City hairdresser told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday, "and it would be very hard to find their superior. The Dutch barber regards an unshaven chin as the artist regards his canvas."

What Every Woman Forgets

(Continued from page 12.)

"Well, that is all!" she said, suddenly. "I will just say goodbye—"

"One minute!"

She could have cut him short by hanging up the instrument, but the temptation to listen proved just a little too strong.

"Be quick!" Her voice was a little strangled. "I—I'll try to climb up that ladder you were speaking about," said Kavanagh.

"Bravo!" she cried.

"Because," he went on, "you want me to—because I love you. I want you to know that—though it is goodbye!"

"Don't!"

"But you know it!"

"I'll give my best—"

"I shall be proud—"

"But is the chapter really closed, or are you—"

"Yes. Closed!"

Then Suzanne Cloan's strength asserted itself, and she hung up the instrument.

Kavanagh was deep in an armchair, staring at nothing in particular, when Reggie Lombard came in, his entrance rather tentative. Fritz seemed to have developed nerves, which was utterly uncharacteristic of Fritz.

"I say, old chap," said the good-looking boy, "I don't want to worry you unnecessarily. But I've just got hold of a late edition"—he still gripped an evening paper. "The mystery of Blue-Beard's Chamber thickens!"

"Let's have a look!" Kavanagh reached out for the paper absentmindedly.

(To be continued.)



Vigoral
Cubes
Beef Tea at its best
Vigoral Cubes make delicious Beef Tea. Just one Vigoral Cube in a cupful of boiling water and it's ready. Always keep a few Cubes in your pocket for an emergency.
Sold by all Chemists and Grocers.
ARMOUR & COMPANY
LIMITED, LONDON

STOCKS AND SHARES.

The Remarkable Rise in Home Railway Stocks—Another Dividend.

9, BISHOPSGATE, E.C.

The Lancashire and Yorkshire was added yesterday to the list of leading railway companies that have announced their dividends. The distribution is at the rate of 5 per cent., making 41 per cent. for the year; £20,000 is placed to reserve and £40,000 is carried forward. A year ago it was at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, making 41 per cent. for the year, the same amount was placed to reserve and £37,800 was carried forward. The result was just about what the market had expected and the price of the stock was steady at 99.

It was significant that the Home Railway market as a whole remained quite strong yesterday. The dividends so far declared bear ample testimony to the prosperity that the companies have enjoyed during the past year, and the market anticipates equally satisfactory results from those still to come.

Amalgamated Press Ordinary were in renewed demand and rose another 1 to 51, while the Preference hardened to 22s. 6d. Associated Preference were also supported and advanced 6d. to 21s. and Pictorial Preference were 9d. higher at 18s. 3d. Associated Ordinary and Pictorial Ordinary remained at 24s. 6d. and 22s. 9d. respectively.

PARIS, Feb. 2.—Two military airmen, Lieutenant Dévret and Captain Niquet, were killed this afternoon at Avor, near Bourges, a town in the centre of France.

75 YEARS IN THE DARK.

Jilted Bride—Who Shut the World and Daylight Out of Her Life.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

STOCKHOLM, Jan. 31 (by mail).—Miss Christina Witlund, an eccentric and wealthy woman, has just died here at the age of ninety-three.

Seventy-five years ago Miss Witlund, then a handsome young girl of eighteen, was engaged to be married to a dashing officer of the Royal Guards, and everything was ready for the wedding, when the bridegroom suddenly broke off the engagement and eventually married another.

Miss Witlund, it is said, nearly lost her reason from the effects of the shock, and when she finally recovered made a solemn vow never to look upon a treacherous man again.

Her parents being dead, she had sole control of her own affairs, and she shut herself up in the house, where she remained for the whole of her life without ever going out.

For seventy-five years she saw no other human beings than her servant girls.

Living as one dead in the midst of the bustle of modern civilization, she had never seen trains, steamships, tramways, taxicabs, airships or aeroplanes.

Even daylight was strictly tabooed in her house, all the blinds being carefully drawn.

TRAGIC SHADOWS ON BLIND.

Shadows seen on a window-blind were described in the police-court at Middlesbrough yesterday, when Minnie Wood, aged twenty, wife of Frank Wood, North Ormesby, was remanded on a charge of stabbing her husband with a knife. The man is in a serious condition.

Alfred Taylor said that when he was outside Wood's house he saw the shadow of a man on the blind, and afterwards another shadow as of a woman with a knife uplifted. The woman apparently stepped back towards the fireplace and immediately he saw the shadow of a man holding his hands to his sides. He heard groans.

Lena Hadley said she was in the house when a quarrel arose. The husband declared, "I am sick of this life; I will kill you," and chased his wife into the yard. Mrs. Wood returned, and picking up a knife plunged it into her husband's side.

FIRE STATION ON FIRE.

The Hendon fire brigade were summoned to a fire last night at Mill Hill gasworks, where about a thousand tons of gas had caught fire. While the fire was in progress the brigade was called to a fire at the new fire station being erected in the borough. The outbreak was got under by the aid of chemicals.

Blood-Starvation THE PARENT OF MANY ILLS

BLOOD-STARVATION

ANÆMIA

WEAKNESS

BREATHLESSNESS TIREDNESS

DEBILITY NEURALGIA

Many of our common ailments have a common ancestor in BLOOD STARVATION.

Dr. Andrew Wilson wrote:—"It can be definitely stated that Iron 'Jelloids' constitute 'the most effective and desirable treatment for 'Anæmia, or Blood-Poverty in Men, Women, and Children.'"

Mrs. J. Milner, Chemist, 209, Trafalgar Road, Greenwich, writes:

"I know of no proprietary medicine that is so repeatedly well spoken of and praised by consumers as Iron 'Jelloids.'"

The Reliable Tonic.

After taking Iron 'Jelloids' the blood is enriched and strengthened, languor disappears, appetite is restored, the cheeks regain their colour, eyes are brightened, the step is more elastic, and there is a general feeling of well-being. Iron 'Jelloids' are palatable, inexpensive, non-constipating, and non-injurious to the teeth. Commended by Medical Men.

Mrs. G. V. Marks, Hawkhurst, Ainston, Devon, writes:

"Both the Rector and myself have derived great benefit from Iron 'Jelloids.' I have also given them to young girls suffering from Anæmia, and have been very pleased with the results. I have known and recommended Iron 'Jelloids' for about 12 years."

Iron 'Jelloids'

A fortnight's trial (price 1/1½) will convince you.

For Women, Iron 'Jelloids' No. 2. For Men, No. 2A (containing Quinine). For Children, No. 1. Of all Chemists, price 1/1½ and 2/9 per box, or direct from

THE 'JELLOID' CO. (Dept. 72A), 76, Finsbury Pavement, London, E.C.

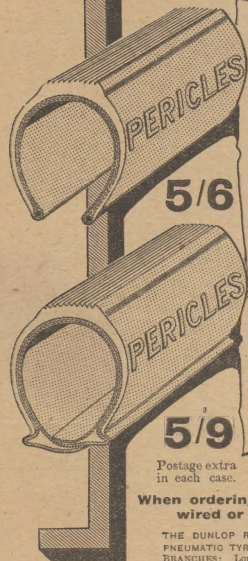


11th make in you.—(Advt.)

'PERICLES'

REPLACEMENT COVER

made by the Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd.,
a sure indication of quality and value.
OBTAINABLE OF AGENTS EVERYWHERE.



"RATTLING GOOD SERVICE."

The experience of Mr. George L. Rogerson,
17, Birch Grove, Weaste, Manchester :-

"It gives me the greatest of pleasure to report
of the good quality rubber you put into your
'Pericles' tyres, for the price you charge.

Some 19-20 months ago I purchased one of
your 'Pericles' tyres from a Manchester cycle
shop, just after they had come out.

I placed the same to replace a worn-out one
on my back wheel, and am glad to say it has
done rattling good service for the price it cost.
I should think the tyre has been ridden on
about 4,500 to 5,000 miles since.

I do a lot of riding in the town and country,
and have not been stranded yet with a nasty
puncture to any of your tyres.

The secret is: use your tyres, have them
well pumped up, take a steady rate of speed,
and they will last for eighteen months, not
merely six months as the guarantee states.

I am purchasing another of your tyres this
week, but could not, without letting you
know what satisfaction I have had."

When ordering please state size and whether
wired or beaded pattern is required.

THE DUNLOP RUBBER CO., LTD., FOUNDERS OF THE
PNEUMATIC TYRE INDUSTRY, ASTON CROSS, BIRMINGHAM.
BRANCHES: London, Coventry, Nottingham, Manchester,
Newcastle, Bristol, Leeds, Liverpool, Glasgow, Dublin, Belfast.

No more Rheumatism

Chameleon Oil robs Rheumatism of
its terrors. It quickly stops that tor-
turing, excruciating pain, makes your
days easy, and gives you unbroken rest
at night. Its efficacy does not depend
on the vigour of your rubbing, for
gently does it when you use Chameleon
Oil. Its value is due to its remarkable
and unique composition, which enables
it to go right below the surface and
straight to the actual cause of the
trouble. That is why it succeeds.
There's nothing else like it. Always
keep a bottle handy. You may not need
it to-day, but you will to-morrow.



relieves and cures Rheu-
matism, Sciatica, Lumbago,
Colds, Neuralgia, Sprains,
Strains, Bruises, Aches and
Pains. Of all chemists and stores 1/4
and 2/9, or post free 1/3 and 2/9 from the
Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.

All horse, dog, and cattle owners should
use Veterinary Chameleon Oil, which locates
and cures lameness and disease. No other
known medicine will do this.

The Adams's Quality-The Best.



The Tin in the Blue Tartan Wrapper. Beautifies and
preserves Wood Floorings, Linoleum, &c. 6d. 8/11.
Made at Sheffield and sold all over the world.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

DELPHI. Strand.—To-night, at 8.15. Mr.
GEORGE EDWARDS' New Musical Production in 2
Acts, **THE GIRL FROM UTAH.** Matinee every Saturday,
at 2. Box-office, 10 to 10. Tel. 2648 and 2650 Ger.

ADWYCH.—THE QUEEN'S CHAMPION.
Evenings, at 8. Matinee, Weds., 2.30.

AMBASSADORS. To-night, at 8.30.
TOLSTOY'S GREAT RUSSIAN DRAMA,
"ANNA KARENINA." (Grand Performance.)
Matinee, Thurs. and Sat., 2.30. (Regent 2890, 4928.)

APOLLO. At 8.50. **CHARLES HAWTREY**
IN **NEVER SAY DIE.** by W. H. PEAR. At 8.10. "The
Wife Tamer." Mat. (both plays) Weds. and Sat., 2.15.

CRITERION.—Phone, Ger. 3844. Reg. 3365.
OH, NEVER SAY "I DO!"
To-night, at 9. Mat., Wed. and Sat., 3 p.m.
Preceded at 8.30 by "The Dear Departed."
Last Week. Last Week.

DALY'S THEATRE. To-night, at 8.
Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' Production,
THE MARRIAGE MARKET. A Musical Play in 3 Acts.
MATINEE, EVERY FRIDAY, at 2.

DRURY LANE. To-night, at 7.30.
Matinee Weds., Thurs. Sat., 1.30. **THE SLEEPING
BEAUTY REWAKENED.** GEORGE GRAVES and
FLORENCE SMITHSON. Box-office, Tel. 2688 Ger.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Afternoons (except Sat.),
at 2. Charles Frohman presents **PETER PAN.** Last
Performance. SAT. EVE. 8. Evening at 8.10. (except
Sat. Quality Street. SPECIAL MAT. SAT. 2.30.

GAITY.—SATURDAY NEXT. Feb. 7, at 8.
Mr. George Edwards' New Production, **AFTER THE
GIRL.** First Matinee Sat., Feb. 14.

GARRICK.—EVERY EVENING. at 8.20. Louis
C. Meyer presents **WHOS THE LADY.** a new three-act
comedy from the French. Mats., Weds. and Sat., 2.30.

HAYMARKET. WITHIN THE LAW.
To-night, at 9. Produced by Sir Herbert Tree. 8.30.
"A Dear Little Wife." Mat., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HIS MASTER'S VOICE. To-night, at 8.15.
THE DARLING OF THE GODS.
HERBERT TREE. MARIE LOHR.
Matinee, Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.15.

KINGSWAY.—THE GREAT ADVENTURE.
by Arnold Bennett. 8.20. Mat., Weds., Sat., 2.30.

LITTLE THEATRE. John-st. Strand.—At 9.
KENNEL FOSSE presents **MAGIC.** by G. K. CHE-
STERTON. At 8.30. "The Music-Chair." by BERNARD
SHAW. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30. City 4927.

LYCEUM PANTOMIME. BABES IN THE
WOOD. TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 7.30. Strongest
Pantomime Company in London. Prices, 5s. to 6d. Chil-
dren at Matinees, 4s. to 6d. 7617-78 Ger.

LYRIC. To-night, at 8.15. **THE GIRL WHO DIDN'T.**
EVENINGS, at 8.15. MAT. WEDS. SATS., 2.15.

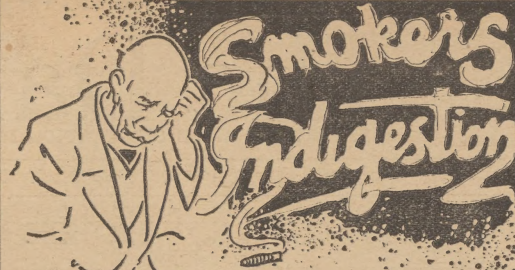
PLAYHOUSE.—8.30. Last Mat., Wed., 2.30.
MISS MARIE TEMPEST presents a New Comedy,
MARY GOES FIRST. by HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

PRINCE OF WALES.—TO-NIGHT. at 8.30.
REYMOUR HICKS and ELLAINE TERRYSS pre-
sents **BROADWAY JONES.** by Geo. M. Cohan. FIRST
MATINEE, SAT. NEXT, 8.30.

PRINCES. Every Evening, at 8. Matinee,
Every Wed. and Sat., at 2.30. **WALTER HOWARD'S**
New Romantic Play, **THE STORY OF THE ROSARY.**
Prices, 6d. to 5s. Box-office, 10-10. 2662 Ger.

ROYALTY.—THE PURSUIT OF PAMELA.
To-night, at 8.30. Mats., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SHAFTESBURY. 150th PERFORMANCE.
To-night, at 8.15. **THE GREAT ADVENTURE.**
Mr. Robert Courtneidge's Musical Comedy Production,
THE PEARL GIRL. Alfred Lester, Iris Hoey, Lauri de
Frece, Cicely Courtneidge, Jack Hulbert.
MATINEE WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS, 2.



CAN NOW BE CURED
THEN WHY DO SO MANY
STOP SMOKING?

BECAUSE THEY HAVE NEVER TRIED CICFA

Mr. H. S., of Birmingham, writes: "I am a heavy smoker, chiefly of
cigarettes. Some months ago I first felt symptoms of Smokers' Indigestion
with shortness of breath. I was not benefited by any remedy or treatment,
though I tried several. I was advised that I must stop smoking. A friend
who had been cured by Cicfa urged me to give it a trial. I took the first
tablet after lunch, when I was suffering. It may surprise you to know that
I was GREATLY RELIEVED BY THAT FIRST TABLET, and I am now per-
fectly cured. I keep Cicfa handy, and when I smoke more than usual I take
a tablet or two as a preventive. Altogether I feel better than for years. It is
a great joy not only to be cured, but to know that I can safely continue
smoking, which means so much to me. CICFA IS WONDERFUL."

Most smokers who suffer from Indigestion
with shortness of breath and all the other dis-
tressing symptoms are very anxious to be
cured, but they wish to be allowed to continue
smoking. Many regard it as torture to stop
smoking. They beg the doctor to allow them
to smoke a little at least, and declare they are
willing to do anything, however unpleasant,
if allowed to smoke. When the shortness of
breath becomes serious, or there is much pain,
especially about the heart, fright causes cigar-
ettes, cigars and pipes to be thrown away.
Medicine is taken and the directions followed,
but the Indigestion is not cured, and as soon
as smoking is begun again all the painful
symptoms increase.

Yet every smoker can be immediately re-
lieved and quickly cured (without giving up
the delights of smoking) by taking Cicfa.
Cicfa cures because it contains all the ingredi-
ents that are required by Nature to digest all
the Albuminous food in the Stomach and the
Starchy food in the Bowel. It acts on simple
scientific or commonsense lines. Therefore it
is the right medicine, and the right medicine
always cures; consequently Cicfa cures
Smokers' Indigestion.

Mr. H. S. took Cicfa after lunch when he
was suffering from Smokers' Indigestion,
with a severe attack of shortness of breath
and pains about the heart. He did not ex-
pect to feel any benefit, but, to his surprise,
Cicfa relieved him at once, and by continuing
he was soon cured. His symptoms have
never returned. He always carries a few
tablets of Cicfa in his pocket, and if he smokes
heavily he takes a tablet or two with the meal,
and that prevents any danger of another
attack. He says he is so completely cured
that it is not necessary to take Cicfa now, but
it costs a mere trifle, and by doing this he

knows that even if he should over-smoke there
can be no Indigestion or pain, and no short-
ness of breath.

If these facts have convinced you, get
a tube of Cicfa to-day from your Chemist
or if you prefer to test Cicfa free make
use of the Coupon below.

BE WARY! There are 47 dif-
ferent imitations
of Cicfa at 6d. or
7d. Not one is in the least like CICFA.
Not one of them was ever sold for BOWEL
Indigestion until our advertisements about
Bowel Indigestion and its Cure only by CICFA
appeared. ALL IMITATIONS CONTAIN DRUGS

Cicfa is sold everywhere, price 1/1½ & 2/9.
Cicfa (child's size), 1/1½ & 2/9.

ABSOLUTELY FREE—

Send your Name and Address with this Cou-
pon and one penny stamp for postage,
and receive a liberal sample of this wonderful
CICFA. Only one sample to each family.
No person given a second sample.



CAPSULOIDS (1909), Ltd.,
79, Duke Street, Grosvenor Sq.,
London, W.

"Daily Mirror," 3/2/14.

ST. JAMES'S. To-night, at 8.40.
THE ATTACK. from the French of Henry Bernstein,
by George Egerton. GEORGE ALEXANDER and
MARTHA HEDMAN. Mats., Weds. and Sat., 8.20.

SAVOY. FRIDAY NEXT, at 7.
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.
Produced by GRANTLEY HARKER.
First Matinee Wednesday, Feb. 11th, at 2.30.

STRAND. To-night, 9. Louis Meyer presents
MR. WILF, a New Anglo-Chinese Play.
MATHILDA LANG. JULIAN BRATHWAITE.
At 8.30. **THE ENTERTAINERS.** Mat., Weds., Sat., 2.15.

WYNDHAM'S. To-night, 8. **DIPLOMACY.**
by Victorien Sardou. MATS., WEDS. SATS., 2.2.
ALHAMBRA. KEEP SMILING.
A Revue, MAIN STAIRCASE. Varieties, 8. Revue,
8.40. Matinee, Wed. and Sat., 2.15. Reduced prices.

HIPPODROME. Twice Daily, at 2.30 and
8 p.m. **TELLO, TANGO.** by Shirley
Kellogg. Harry Tate, Gerald Kirby, Peggie Gedder, Morris
Harvey, etc., etc. Box-office, 10 to 10. Tel. 650 Ger.

PALACE.—H. B. IRVING. IN THE VAN
DYKE (as appeared on the Variety Stage). VESTA
TILLEY REGINE FLOREY (last week), JOE JACKSON.
Mats., Wed., Sat., 2. Full programme. Evening, 6.

PALLADIUM. 6.30 and 9.10. Mon., Wed. and
Sat., 2.30, 6.30 and 9.10. **LITTLE TICH.** BETTY
KING, VICTORIA MONKS, JOE ELVIN and CO. MAT.
MAYNARD. DUFFY. ARTHUR BERNARD, RANNEY
SHIELDS, COOPER and LAIT, etc.

CARL HAGENBECK'S WONDER ZOO
AND BIG CIRCUS. Olympia.—11 to 11. BIG
CIRCUS, 2.30 and 7.45. ADMISSION, 1s. 0.600 Free
Seats to Circular. RESERVED SEATS FOR CIRCUS
(including Free Admission to Wonder Zoo) can not be
booked at the usual Libraries and at Olympia. Tel. Ham.
1597 and Ham. 1540.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Mammoth Skating Rink,
3 Sessions. Band, Cinema, etc. Theatre "THE EVER-
OPEN DOOR." 7.45. Friday, 55th Annual Nat. Cage Bird
Show, 3 p.m. Return fare and Palace admission, 1s. 6d.

MASKELYN & DEVANT'S MYSTERIES.
St. George's Hall, Oxford-circuit, W. Daily at 3 and 8.
"HIT!" "The 21st Century." "The YOGI'S
STAR," etc. Seats, 1s. to 5s. Mayfair, 1545.

WITH CAPT. SCOTT IN THE ANTARCTIC.
Herbert G. Posting at Philharmonic Hall, Great Por-
tland-st. Twice daily, 2 and 8.15. Thrilling Story! Unique
Pictures, 1s. to 5s. 2005 Mayfair.

"TRAFFIC IN SOULS."—Cinema Drama in
six parts, showing horrors of White Slave Traffic,
daily, at 1 and 5, at HOLBORN EMPIRE. 6d. 1s. and
2s. No one under 16 admitted. Seats booked in advance,
6367 Holborn. Special 3s.15d. performance next Sunday,
6.30 and 8.30.

DANCING.

PERFECT WALTZ. with REVERSE. BOS-
TON ONE-STEP and TWO-STEP GUARANTEED
FOUR PARTS LESSONS, or TANGO in 3 LESSONS
and PRACTICE with EXPERT ASSISTANTS for 21 is—
CHARLES D'ALBERT, 291-325, OXFORD-ST., adjoining
Boulevard Theatre. Phone, 5582 Mayfair.

PERSONAL.

LEW.—Write Min at mine.—Teddy.
D.—Come back, all will be right.—T.

LIGHT after utter darkness. What must I do?
BESS.—Letter cruelly wrong. Must see you.—Fondet.
MEY.—Have you been lately Bradford or Chelmsley?—Dora.
REPRESENT.—Sorry if hurt. Course failed. Would
have atoned.

MATINEE.—All my love, darling. Writing.—Ever Fides
Wile. x x x
AUGUST.—Letter, Martin's. Grove-road, name Swan. Im-
portant.—So miserable. Keep warm. Kiss.—Z.

THE MOST POPULAR ANNUAL IS "DAILY MIRROR REFLECTIONS" BY W. K. HASelden. 6d.

The Daily Mirror

LATEST CERTIFIED CIRCULATION MORE THAN 800,000 COPIES PER DAY.

THE FRENCH TAKE-TOWN BY ASSAULT IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA: SEE PAGES 8 AND 9.

No. 3,207.

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

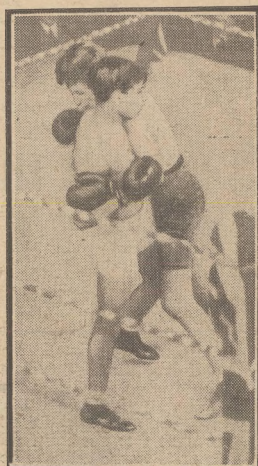
TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1914

One Halfpenny.

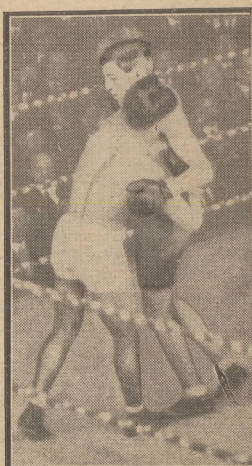
LEWIS BEATS TIL AND BECOMES EUROPE'S FEATHER-WEIGHT CHAMPION.



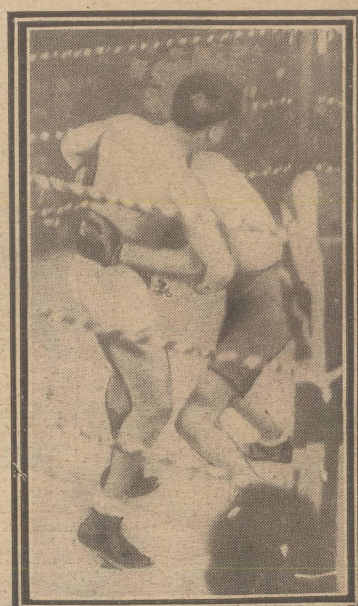
The boxers in a clinch.



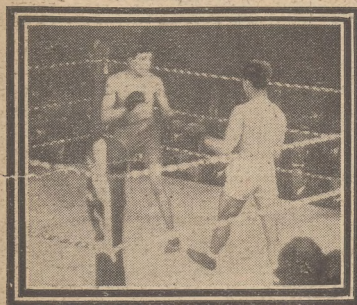
Til holding, Lewis lying on.



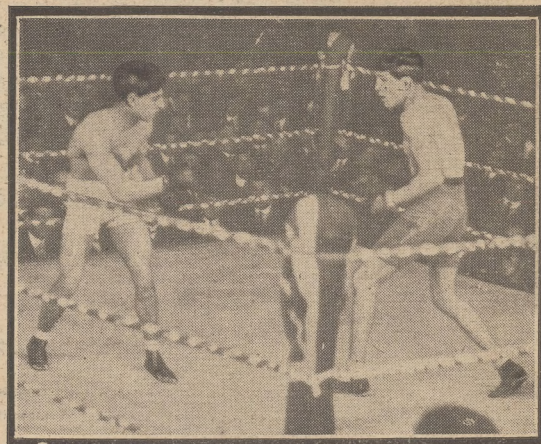
Lewis parries a blow.



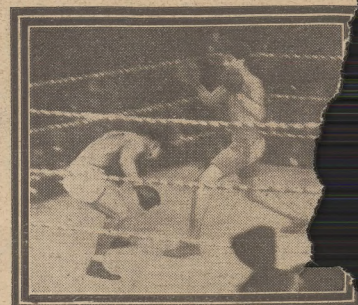
Til holding Lewis's left elbow.



Sparring for an opening.



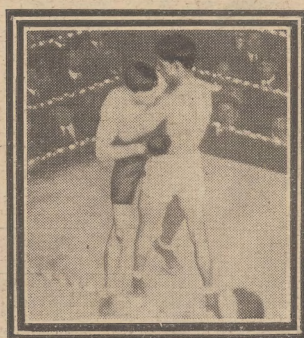
How the two boxers shaped.



Clever ducking by Til.



Referee parting the boxers.



Lewis punching Til's ribs.



A clinch after a lead by Lewis.



Til grips Lewis's left glove.

Paul Til, of France, and Kid Lewis, the holder of the Lonsdale belt, met at Premierland, Whitechapel, last night for the title of feather-weight champion of Europe. The

contest resulted in a victory for Lewis in the twelfth round, Til being disqualified for holding. Til is seen wearing white shorts.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)